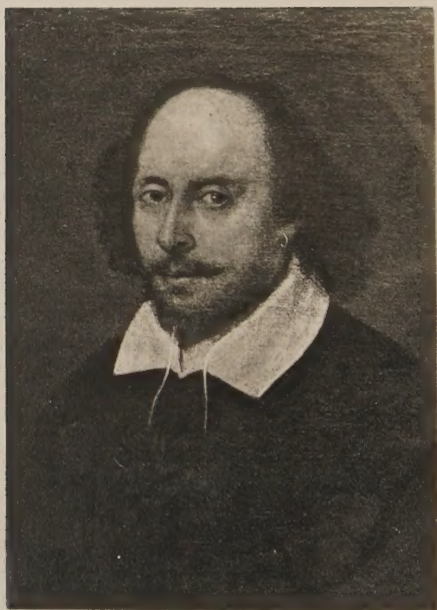


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SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS



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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
CHARLOTTE PORTER
AND
HELEN A. CLARKE



VOL. VI

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXT
THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT
THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT



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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE FIRST PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE three parts of 'Henry the Sixth' continue the historical account from 'Henry the Fifth.' The Wars of the Roses begin, and the narrative takes the aspect of bloody tragedy.

The First Part chronicles, in the opening act, the early death of Henry V and the crowning of his son as Henry VI, who is heir to both the English and French thrones. News is received of severe losses to the French, who are seizing this moment of English weakness and private quarrels to retake many of their cities. The Dauphin is powerfully aided by a shepherd's daughter, Joan la Pucelle, or Joan of Arc.

In Act II the disputes of Richard Plantagenet, afterward Duke of York, and John Beaufort, afterward Duke of Somerset, whose crests are decorated by white and red roses respectively, mark the beginning of civil strife in England.

The French meanwhile are pressing their conquests (Act III), though opposed by the stanch Talbot, whose high merit is recognized by Henry VI on the occasion of his second coronation at Paris. Talbot is created Earl of Shrewsbury.

Talbot, in Act IV, attempts to take Bordeaux, but is surrounded by a greatly superior force under the Dauphin. The wrangles of York and Somerset pre-

I. HENRY THE SIXT

vent their sending aid to Talbot at this juncture, and he is slain in a stubborn conflict.

But the French have also suffered a severe loss in the capture of Joan of Arc (Act V), who is burned at the stake for witchcraft. The war fluctuates until peace proposals are made, wherein the Dauphin consents to reign as viceroy to England. Henry VI meanwhile asks for the hand of Margaret of Anjou.

SOURCES

The three parts of 'Henry VI,' being component parts of one play, will here be considered together in regard to sources and authorship. The First Part found its earliest known printing in the First Folio edition. The Second Part was printed anonymously in a Quarto, entitled 'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster,' before it became the Second Part of 'Henry VI' in the First Folio, from which it differed widely. The Third Part appeared anonymously in a Quarto, entitled 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,' before it became the Third Part of 'Henry VI,' also with variations.

Whatever author or authors wrote these plays, their original sources were Holinshed's 'Chronicles' and Hall's 'Chronicle,' which early histories furnished the groundwork of fact for the dramatists to build upon. In the First Part this historical fact is followed more closely than in the other two.

But the question of authorship is the perplexing one. Many pages and even volumes have been written in the discussion, and critical opinion is still greatly divided. It generally agrees, however, upon one contention — that Shakespeare, if a writer of these plays, was not

INTRODUCTION

their sole author. The First Part had no earlier appearance than the First Folio, where it was published as a work of Shakespeare's. But the opening act and various scenes point to other and inferior hands. It has been assigned to Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, with the collaboration or subsequent editing of Shakespeare; but the latter's hand appears so dimly and fitfully as to cause some editors to plead for its rejection from the canon. Nevertheless, its inclusion in the authoritative Folio, together with other evidences, minor and internal, preserves the First Part safely though doubtfully Shakespeare's.

The problem becomes more complicated in considering the Second and Third Parts, which, as we have seen, were previously published in different form and under different names. Part II consists of 3075 lines, of which 1715 are new, 840 altered, and 520 retained from the Quarto play of 'The Contention.' Part III consists of 2902 lines, 1021 being new, 871 altered, and 1010 retained from the Quarto, 'True Tragedie.' These two Quartos were published together about 1619, after Shakespeare's death, with his name on the title-page. The same publisher, however, had taken advantage of his popularity to ascribe to him other plays which were not his; and this fact, therefore, proves nothing.

It seems evident, on the other hand, that Robert Greene was concerned in the writing of 'The Contention' and 'The True Tragedie.' On his death-bed, in 1592, he gave out a manuscript entitled 'A Groatsworth of Witte,' in which he accused Shakespeare of plagiarizing from him, in the following language: 'Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautiful with our feathers, that with his "Tygres heart wrapt in

I. HENRY THE SIXT

a players hyde," supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the beste of you ; and beeing an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey.' The line which Greene quotes is found, slightly changed, in both 'The True Tragedie' and the Third Part of 'Henry VI.' His complaint is corroborated in Gent's 'Greene's Funeralls' (1594) by a sonnet ending:

'Nay more, the men that so Eclipt his fame
Purloyned his Plumes, can they deny the same?'

While Chettle, another contemporary writer, apologizes for Greene's attack, without retracting the charge. The 'Groatsworth' as a whole seems to imply that Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, wrote these two plays ; that Shakespeare also assisted, for the line used as a reproach was evidently the latter's ; and that Shakespeare afterward appropriated the joint material as his own. In the Epilogue to 'Henry V' (written later) 'Henry VI' is referred to by name, and presumably as a work of separate parts :

'Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.'

'Henry V' being confessedly Shakespeare's, he seems thus to claim 'Henry VI' also.

But we must not overlook the fact that the two Quartos do not bear Shakespeare's name, and that the Folio, which does, presents a far better text. It is but fair to assume, then, that Shakespeare thoroughly revised the Quartos, taking from them the lines which he had originally written, and making free use of the rest, altering some and retaining others. The finished

INTRODUCTION

product, however, has so strong a Marlowan flavor as to lead many editors to suppose that Marlowe and Shakespeare worked conjointly in the revision of the older plays. These Quarto versions were printed in garbled form, and were probably pirated editions made from shorthand notes of stage performances.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period occupied by the First Part of 'Henry VI' is from August 31, 1422, the death of Henry V, to the close of 1444, the betrothal of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou. The time represented on the stage is eight days, with intervals.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

In 1592 Thomas Nash, in his 'Pierce Penniless,' alluded to a play on this subject, telling of the popularity of 'Talbot, the terror of the French,' when triumphing 'again on the stage.' Henslowe's 'Diary' makes a still earlier allusion to a performance of the play 'Henery the vi,' March 3, 1591. Since neither of the other two parts bore a similar title, and traces of no earlier work exist, the above two entries may safely be credited as references to Shakespeare's First Part of 'Henry VI.'

Another bit of date evidence is given by Greene's death-bed attack of 1592, which, while it referred directly to the Third Part, must certainly place the First Part earlier than this time, for by its nature it was written before the Second and Third Parts.

The Epilogue to 'Henry V' (1599) alludes to 'Henry VI' as a previous production. Meres, in

I. HENRY THE SIXT

1598, does not mention it, probably on account of its disputed authorship.

Internal evidence is not reliable, but places the text among the earliest works of Shakespeare, when he was under the influence of other writers, if not assisted by them.

The First Part of 'Henry VI' probably belongs to the year 1589 or 1590.

EARLY EDITIONS

The earliest printing of the First Part, as has been stated, was in the First Folio of 1623. It there occupies twenty-four pages, from page 96 to page 119, inclusive, under histories. It is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *Dramatis Personæ*, which Rowe afterward supplied.

The text is fairly good in typography, but contains many irregularities of rhythm and expression.

THE FIRST PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White Rose or York faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.*

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, *father to Joan la Pucelle.*

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married
to King Henry.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*]

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXT



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Westminster Abbey.*]

Dead March.

*Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by
the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke
of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-
wicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and
the Duke of Somerset.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie, 11
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire, 20

More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
 Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne're lift up his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
 Upon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
 And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
 We with our stately presence glorifie,
 Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre. 30
 What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
 That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
 Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
 Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
 By Magick Verses have contriv'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 Unto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day
 So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
 The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
 The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous. 40

Glost. The Church? where is it?
 Had not Church-men pray'd,
 His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
 None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
 Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
 And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
 Thy Wife is prowld, she holdeth thee in awe,
 More then God or Religious Church-men may. 49

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
 And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, & rest your minds in peace:
 Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on us;
 In stead of Gold, wee'le offer up our Armes,
 Since Armes avayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
 Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
 When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
 Our Ile be made a Nourish¹ of salt Teares, ^{*1nurse*}
 And none but Women left to wayle the dead. 60
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invoke:
 Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
 Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens;
 A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
 Then *Julius Cæsar*, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
 Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleance, 70
 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's*
 Coarse? |
 Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
 Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded up?
 If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
 These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was us'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
 Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, 80
 That here you maintaine severall Factions:
 And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,

58. *moistned*; moist—2-4F.

59. *Ile*: isle—3-4F.

75. *Roan*: Rouen, and so throughout—STEEVENS.

You are disputing of your Generals.
 One would have lingring Warres, with little cost;
 Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
 A third thinkes, without expence at all,
 By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
 Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
 Let not slouth dimme y^our Honors, new begot;
 Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes 90
 Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
 These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
 Give me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
 Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
 Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
 To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite, 101
 Except some petty Townes, of no import.
 The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
 The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
 The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
 O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out. 110

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

93. *ber: their*—THEOBALD.

103. *Dolphin: Dauphin*, and so throughout—*Rowe*.

103. *Rheimes: Rheims*—*Rowe*. 104. *Orleance: Orleans*, and so throughout—*Rowe*.

105. *Reynold: Reignier*—*Rowe*.

An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large. 121

The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compassed, and set upon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:

Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly, 130

To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.

The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine, 140
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,

If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
 He being in the Vauward,¹ plac't behinde, 1 van
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
 Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
 Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
 A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
 Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back, 150
 Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
 Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
 For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
 Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
 Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
 And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay. 160
 Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
 His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
 Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
 Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
 Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
 The English Army is growne weake and faint: 170
 The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
 Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry*sworne:

143. *Falstaffe*: *Fastolfe*, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

153. *slaine then?* I: slain? then I—JOHNSON.

Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition, 180
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.

Exit Gloster.

Exc. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safetie there Ile best devise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publike Weale. 190

Exit.

[Scene ii. *France. Before Orleans.*]

Sound a Flourish.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts, 10

183. *Eltam:* Eltham, and so throughout—STEEVENS.

189. *send:* steal—SINGER.

2. *Reigneir:* Reignier, and so throughout—ROWE.

Faintly besiege us one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beeves:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:

Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre. 20

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the
English, with great losse.*

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies. 30

Reigneir. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne? 40
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,

27. *Reigneir*: *Reignier*-2-4F.

35. *Froysard*: *Froissart*-CAPELL.

36. *breed*: *bred*-ROWE.

They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reignier. I thinke by some odde Gimmors¹ or Device
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe: 50
By my consent, wee'le even let them alone. ¹*clockwork*

Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes
for him.

Dolph. [*Char.*] Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome
to us. |

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear² appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? ²*looks*
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring, 60
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: [*Exit Bast.*] but first, to try
her skill, |

Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place; 70

Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter [Bast. with] Joane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though never seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talke with thee apart: 80
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reigneir. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit untrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Majestie, 90
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reveal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st, 100
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

73. *Puzel*: *La Pucelle*, and so throughout—*CAPELL*.

97. *you may see*: *you see*—2-4F.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side, 110
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Joane de Puzel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
me: | 120

Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Sovereigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall. 131

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

110. *fine*: five—STEEVENS.

113. *a*: o'—THEOBALD.

126. *rights*: rites—POPE.

Alans. Doubtlesse he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what devise you
on? |

Shall we give o're Orleance, or no? 140

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:

Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I have entred into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe, 150

Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.

With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:

Now am I like that prowde insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.

Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth, 160
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leave off delayes, and let us rayse the
Siege.

Reigncir. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors, |

Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee prove false. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *London. Before the Tower.*]

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men [in blue coats].

Glost. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conveyance:¹
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls. ¹ *thievery*

1. Warder. [Within] Who's there, that knocks so imperiously? |

Glost. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. Warder. [Within] Who ere he be, you may not be let in. |

1. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. Warder. [Within] The Lord protect him, so we answer him, | 10

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile
the Lieutenant speakes within.*

Woodvile. What noyse is this? what Traytors have wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare? 20

1. Gloster: Gloucester, and so throughout—*Rowe.*

Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly. 30

Servingmen. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coates.*

Winchest. How now ambitious *Umpbeir*, what meanes
this?

Glost. Piel'd¹ Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out? ^{1 shaven}

Winch. I doe, thou most usurping Proditor,²
And not Protector of the King or Realme. ^{2 traitor} 40

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canvas³ thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, ^{3 toss}
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing⁴ Cloth, 50
Ile use, to carry thee out of this place. ^{4 christening}

35. *Umpbeir*: Humphry—THEOBALD.

37. *Piel'd*: Peel'd—CAMBRIDGE.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy face.

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
 Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
 Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
 I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
 Under my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
 In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
 Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe. 60

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
 Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
 Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
 Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
 and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
 of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
 Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace. 71

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
 Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
 Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
 One that still motions Warre, and never Peace,
 O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;
 That seekes to overthrow Religion,
 Because he is Protector of the Realme;
 And would have Armour here out of the Tower, 80
 To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

68. *Maior*: **Mayor**, and so throughout—2-4F.

73. *Beauford*: **Beaufort**, and so throughout—CAPELL.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:

[*Off.*] *All manner of men, assembled here in Armes
this day, | against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge
and command | you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre
to your severall dwel- | ling places, and not to weare,
handle, or use any Sword, Wea- | pon, or Dagger hence-
forward, upon paine of death. |* 91

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breake of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Devill.

Glost. *Maior* farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
may'st.

Winch. Abhominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head, 100
For I intend to have it ere long. *Exeunt*

[*severally, Glo. & Winch. with their Serving-men*].

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part. |

Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Orleans.*]

*Enter [on the walls] the Master Gunner of Orleance,
and | his Boy.*

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is be-
sieg'd, |

86. cry: separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

94. wee'le meet to: we will meet; to—CAMBRIDGE.

And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me: |

Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:

The Princes espyals¹ have informed me, ^{1 spies} 10

How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,

Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citie,

And thence discover, how with most advantage

They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,

And even these three dayes have I watcht,

If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,

For I can stay no longer. 20

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,

And thou shalt finde me at the Governors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile never trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with [Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave,
and] others. |*

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?

How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?

Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?

Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top. 30

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,

12. *Went: Wont*—STEEVENS (1793).

19-20. 2 ll. ending them, longer—MALONE.

29. *got's: got'st*—4F.

31. *Earle: Duke*—THEOBALD.

Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
 For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
 But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
 Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
 Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craved death,
 Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute, 40
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
 tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
 In open Market-place produc't they me,
 To be a publique spectacle to all:
 Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
 The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
 Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
 And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurle at the beholders of my shame. 51
 My grisly countenance made others flye,
 None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
 In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
 So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
 And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
 That walkt about me every Minute while:
 And if I did but stirre out of my Bed, 60
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

32. *Santrayle*: *Santrailles*—CAPELL. 37. *pil'd*: *vile* (vilde)—POPE.
 55. *were*: *was*—ROWE.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let us looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me have your expresse opinions, 70
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrave. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe [and Gargrave].*

Salisb. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake: 82
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailles, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field. 90
Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace.

72. stands: stand-2-4F.

77. shot: shoot-Rowe.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
 Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
 If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
 Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
 Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?
 Speake unto *Talbot*, say, looke up to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
 Thou shalt not dye whiles——

100

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
 As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
 Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
 Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
 What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
 Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

110

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
 head. |

The Dolphin, with one *Joane de Puzel* joyn'd,
 A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,
 Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
 It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.

Puzel or *Pussel*,¹ Dolphin or Dog-fish, ¹ *drab* or *virgin*
 Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles, 120
 And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

104. *thee: thee, Nero—MALONE.*

Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The same.*]

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Joane de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her [and exit after them].
Then enter Talbot.*

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile have a bowt with thee:
Devill, or Devils Dam, Ile conjure thee: 10
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway give thy Soule to him thou serv'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith: 21

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy hungry-starved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
 I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
 A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*, 30
 Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
 So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
 Are from their Hyves and Houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
 Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
 Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
 Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead:
 Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe, 40
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
 You all consented unto *Salisburies* death,
 For none would strike a stroake in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
 In sight of us, or ought that we could doe.
 O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
 The shame hereof, will make me hide my head. 50
Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

[Scene vi. *The same.*]

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin [Charles],
 Reigneir, | Alanson, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
 Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.
 Thus *Joane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divinest Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this successe?
 Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
 France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse, 10
 Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance,
 More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
 Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
 When they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Joane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
 For which, I will divide my Crowne with her, 21
 And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
 Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
 A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
 Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* ever was.
 In memorie of her, when she is dead,
 Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
 Then the rich-jewel'd Coffe of *Darius*,
 Transported, shall be at high Festivals
 Before the Kings and Queenes of France. 30
 No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
 But *Joane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
 Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
 After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

6. *Astrea's*: *Astræa's*—CAPELL. 8. *Garden*: *gardens*—HANMER.
 13-14. 1 l.—POPE.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Before Orleans.*]

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus
are poore Servitors |
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold. 9

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, [and forces,]
with scaling | Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance¹ their deceite, *1requite*
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie. 20

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun. 30

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

40

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter
severall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
halfe ready, and halfe unready.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie¹ so?

Bast. Unready? I and glad we scap'd so well. 51

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores. ¹*unarmed*

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alans. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Joane.

60

Bast. Tut, holy *Joane* was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,
 Make us partakers of a little gayne,
 That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Joane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
 At all times will you have my Power alike?
 Sleeping or waking, must I still prevayle,
 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
 Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
 This sudden Mischiefe never could have falne. 71

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
 That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
 Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
 As that whereof I had the government,
 We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
 Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct, 81
 I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
 About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Joane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
 How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
 But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
 And now there rests no other shift but this,
 To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and dispers't,
 And lay new Plat-formes¹ to endammage them. 90

Exeunt. ¹plots

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:
 they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left:
 The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,

For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Orleans. Within the town.*]

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie [a Captain, and others]. - |

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat [sounded]. |

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule:
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night. 10
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chieftest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace, 20
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Joane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of loving Turtle-Doves, 31
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Overgne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne, 41
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,¹ ¹ dwells
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevayle with all their Oratorie, 51
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I have heard it sayd, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courtesie. 60

Come hither Capitaine, you perceive my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *Auvergne. The Countess's castle.*]

Enter Countesse [and her Porter].

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death. ¹*judgment*
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchievements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports. 11

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false. 20

13. *Madame:* separate l.—STEEVENS (1793).

I thought I should have seene some *Hercules*,
 A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
 Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:
 It cannot be, this weake and writhled ¹ shrimpe
 Should strike such terrors to his Enemies. ¹ *dried up*
Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
 But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
 Ile sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now? 30
Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
 I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
 And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House. 40
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
 That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
 Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
 And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch? ² *foolish*
 Thy mirth shall turne to moane. 50

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,²

To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbots* shadow,
Whereon to practise your severitie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie: 60
I tell you Madamé, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.*

How say you Madamé? are you now perswaded, 70
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence 80
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster

The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done, hath not offended me:
 Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
 But onely with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
 For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serve them well. 89
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
 To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *London. The Temple-garden.*]

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
 Poole [Suffolk], and others.*

Yorke. [*Plan.*] Great Lords and Gentlemen,
 What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
 The Garden here is more convenient.

Yorke. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
 Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law, 10
 And never yet could frame my will to it,
 And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
 tweene us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
 Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
 Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
 Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement: 20

But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts: 30
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*. 40

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here, 51
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Unlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; 61
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Yorke. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Yorke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet*:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes 70
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding
Roses, |

That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seene.

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy. 81

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*: |

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England: 90
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome. ^{1debarred}
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt¹ from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet lives guiltie in thy blood, 100
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:² ^{2 opinion}
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde us ready for thee still: 110
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spite of thee shall weare.

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance³ of my blood-drinking hate, ^{3 badge}
Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,
Untill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:

And so farwell, untill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Have with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.* 121

Yorke. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it?

Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,
Against prowd *Somerset*, and *William Poole*, 130
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Yorke. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Yorke. Thankes gentle. 140

Come, let us foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *The Tower of London.*]

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Jaylors.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

125. *whipt*: *wiped* (wip't)—2-4F.

140. *gentle*: *gentle sir*—2-4F.

5. *Wrack*: *rack*—POPE.

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
 And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
 Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*. 9
 These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
 Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.¹ ^{1 end}
 Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,
 And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
 That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
 Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
 (Unable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
 Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber, 21
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
 Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
 Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
 But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires, 30
 Just Death, kinde Umpire of mens miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Unckle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe. 41

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which tearmes, he us'd his lavish tongue, 50
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Unckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, 60
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North, 70
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.

The reason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
 Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remov'd,
 Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)
 I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
 For by my Mother, I derived am
 From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
 To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
 From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, 80
 Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
 But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
 They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
 I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.
 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
 (Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
 Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
 Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
 Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse, 90
 Levied an Army, weening¹ to redeeme, ¹thinking
 And have install'd me in the Diademe:
 But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the Title rested, were supprest.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
 And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
 Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious care. 100

Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevayle with me:
 But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
 Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

74. *young Richard*: young King Richard-2-4F.

78. *third*: the third-2-4F.

86. *Bullingbrooke*: Bolingbroke-POPE.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
 Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy Unckle is removing hence,
 As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a setled place.

Rich. O Unckle, would some part of my young yeeres
 Might but redeeme the passage of your Age. 111

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as that slaughterer
 doth, |

Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
 Onely give order for my Funerall.

And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes. 120

Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
 And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers convey him hence, and I my selfe
 Will see his Buryall better then his Life.

Exit.

[*Exeunt Gaolers bearing body of Mortimer.*]

Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
 Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
 I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.

And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
 Eyther to be restored to my Blood,

130

Or make my will th'advantage of my good.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[Scene i. *London. The Parliament-house.*]

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, | Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet.

*Gloster offers | to put up a Bill: Winchester
snatches it, teares it. |*

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?

Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech, 10
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my
patience, |

Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.

Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.

No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride. 20

Thou art a most pernitious Usurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Sovereigne, is not quite exempt

From envious mallice of thy swelling heart. 30

Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,

As he will have me: how am I so poore?

Or how haps it, I seeke not to advance

Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.

And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace

More then I doe? except I be provok'd.

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,

It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: 40

It is because no one should sway but hee,

No one, but hee, should be about the King;

And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good.

Glost. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest? 50

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Unreverent *Glocester*.

Glost. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

[*Som.*] My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. [*War.*] I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:

[*Som.*] Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such. 62

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. [*Aside*] *Plantagenet* I see must hold his
tongue, |

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*. 71

King. Unckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would prevayle, if Prayers might prevayle,
To joyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should jarre?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth. 80

*A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Uprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pity the Cittie of London, pittie us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men, 90
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
 That many have their giddy braynes knockt out:
 Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
 And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter [Serving-men] in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
 To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
 Pray' Unckle *Gloster* mittigate this strife. 101

1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
 to it with our Teeth.

2. *Serving.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leave this peevish broyle,
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
 Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
 Inferior to none, but to his Majestie: 110

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
 So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
 To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,¹ ^{1bookman}
 Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
 And have our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
 Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glost. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you love me, as you say you doe, 120
 Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

120. *And: AN-DYCE.*

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme. 130
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that priviledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare: 140
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Unckle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offendor in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give. 151

Glost. [*Aside*] I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,
This token serveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. [*Aside*] So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh loving Unckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,

How joyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble us no more, 160

But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Taverne affords.

Exeunt [Serving-men, Mayor, &c.]

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soveraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Majestie.

Glo. Wellurg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance, 170
You have great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Majestie.

King. And those occasions, Unckle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone, 181
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *Yorke*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,
And humble service, til the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my
Foot, |
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*:

170. *And: An*—THEOBALD.

180. *that all alone: that alone*—2-4F.

188. *gyrt: gird*—4F.

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*. 190

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.

Som. [*Aside*] Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of
Yorke. |

Glost. Now will it best availe your Majestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies. 200

King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last breake out into a flame, 210
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:

212. *bones: bonse* (misprint)—GLOBE.

218. *loose: lose*—2-4F.

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish, 219
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*France. Before Rouen.*]

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake, 10
Ile by a signe give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*

Watch. [Within] *Che la.*

Pucell. *Peasauns la pouvre gens de Fraunce,*
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground. *Exeunt.* 21

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson [*Reignier and forces*].

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

16. *Che la: Qui est là*—MALONE.

17. *Peasauns la pouvre: Paysans, pauvres*—ROWE.

Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants: ¹
Now she is there, how will she specifie? ¹*confederates*
Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred. 30

*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a
Torch burning.*

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, 41
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

[*Exeunt.*]

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy
teares, |

If *Talbot* but survive thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe unawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought
in sicke in a Chayre.* 50

27. Here: Where—ROWE. 35. Talbonites: Talbotites—THEOBALD.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Bastard, [Alençon,] and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that time. 61

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead? 70
Damsell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*, 80
But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.

51. *Burgonie*: Burgundy—Rowe.

53. *God*: Good—3-4F.

64-6. 2 ll. ending lance, chair—POPE.

Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.

God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you

That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.* 90

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.

Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.

And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,

And as his Father here was Conqueror;

As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,

Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;

So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye. 100

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,

And will be partner of your weale or woe. 109

Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.

89. *God b'uy*: God be wi you—*Rowe*.

99. *Cordelions*: Cœur-de-lion's—*Rowe*.

Me thinkes I should revive the Souldiors hearts,
Because I ever found them as my selfe.

Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.* 120

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John
Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe*, in such
haste? |

Falst. Whither away? to save my selfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life.
Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.

Exit. 130

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and
Charles flye.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, départ when Heaven please,
For I have seene our Enemies overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and
the rest.*

140

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:

126-7. 2 ll. ending ay (I), life—HANMER.

Yet Heavens have glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe. ^{1 scoffs}
Now where's the Bastards braves, and *Charles* his glikes?¹
What all amort?² Roan hangs her head for griefe, 150
That such a valiant Company are fled. ^{2 cast down}
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier never couched Launce, 160
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*The plains near Rouen.*]

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell [and forces].

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,

149. *glikes*: *gleeks*—HANMER. 163. *humane*: *human*—ROWE.

Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 10

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* devise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words, 20
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alans. For ever should they be expuls'd¹ from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here. ¹*expelled*

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end. 30

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French March.

[*Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.*]

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him. 40

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of France, Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee. 51

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.

See, see the pining *Maladie* of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her wofull Brest. 60
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie. 70
Who joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
 Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:
 Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
 And was he not in England Prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine Enemy, 80
 They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
 In spite of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
 See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
 And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
 These haughtie wordes of hers
 Have batt' red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yeeld upon my knees. 90
 Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
 And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
 My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turne and
 turne a- | gaine.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes
 us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
 Breasts. 100

Alans. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
 And joyne our Powers,
 And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.[*Paris. The palace.*]

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter [Vernon, Bassett,
and others]: To them, with | his Souldiors,
Talbot. |*

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soveraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses, 10
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissive loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace. [*Kneels.*]

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Unckle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Majestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old) 21
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,

We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury, 30
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset. 40

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.
Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majestie, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong, 50
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.[*Paris. A hall of state.*]

*Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somer- | set, Warwicke, Talbot. and Governor
[of Paris] Exeter [and others]. |*

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne upon his head.

Win. God save King *Henry* of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend¹
Malicious practises against his State: ^{1intend} 10
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
[*Plucking it off.*]
Which I have done, because (unworthily) 20

Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

13. *Calice*: Calais—**ROWE**.18. *thee*: thee—2-4F.23. *Poictiers*: Patay—**MALONE**.

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men.

My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,

Were thete surpriz'd, and taken prisoners. 30

Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill beseeming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres: 40

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight: 50

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Unckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)

Hath he forgot he is his Soveraigne?

Or doth this churlish Superscription
 Pretend ¹ some alteration in good will? ¹ portend
 What's heere? [*Reads*] *I have upon especiall cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wracke, 61
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression fecdes upon,
Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And joynd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
 O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Unckle Burgundy revolt? 69

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talk with him,
 And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented, |

I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him
 straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason, 80
 And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Sovereaigne.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.

62. *complaints*: misprint 1F.

84. *Bassit*: *Basset*-2-4F.

Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime, 90
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes: 100
When stubbornly he did repugne¹ the truth, ^{1 resist}
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse upon his bold intent, 110
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-
sicke men,
When for so slighr and frivolous a cause, 120

120. *slighr*: misprint 1F.

Such factious æmulations shall arise?

Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selves (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord. 130

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves.

Let me perswade you take a better course. 140

Exet. It greeves his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceyve dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd 150
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When Fortraigne Princes shall be certified,
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henries* Peeres, and cheete Nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
 Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
 My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
 Let me be Umper in this doubtfull strife: 160
 I see no reason if I weare this Rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
 Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 But your discretions better can perswade,
 Then I am able to instruct or teach:
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace, and love. 170
 Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of France:
 And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 Go cheerefully together, and digest
 Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
 Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will returne to Calice;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long 180
 To be presented by your Victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Marke Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King

Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

York. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest, 190
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should have seene decipher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court, 200
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde devisiion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Before Bourdeaux.*]

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall.

[*Trumpet*] *Sounds.* |

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,

190. *And if I wish: An if I wist*—CAPELL.

And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
 Be humble to us, call my Sovereigne yours,
 And do him homage as obedient Subjects, 10
 And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
 But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
 Who in a moment, eeven with the earth,
 Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
 Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth, 20
 On us thou canst not enter but by death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
 But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face: 30
 Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament,
 To ryve¹ their dangerous Artillerie ^{1 discharge}
 Upon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
 Loc, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy dew² thee withall: ^{2 endue}
 For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
 Finish the processe of his sandy houre,

32. *ryve*: *rive*—3-4F.37. *dew*: *due*—THEOBALD.

These eyes that see thee now well coloured, 40
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemy:
 Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
 O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere, 50
 Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
 If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
 Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
 But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
 Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
 And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
 Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
 And they shall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
 God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
 Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. 60

[Scene iii. *Plains in Gascony.*]

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
 with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
 That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
 To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.

By your espyals¹ were discovered ^{1 scouts}
 Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,

Which joynd with him, and made their march for
Burdeaux | 10

Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted ¹ by a Traitor Villaine, ^{1 flouted}
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger [Sir William Lucy].

2. *Mes.* [*Lucy*] Thou Princely Leader of our Eng-
lish strength, | 20
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
Else farewell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So should wee save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward: 30
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mes. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbots* soule,
And on his Sonne yong *John*, who two houres since,

23. *waste*: waist—STEEVENS (1778). 34, 35. *loose*: lose—2-4F.
36. *long*: 'long—JOHNSON.

I met in travaile toward his warlike Father;
 This seven yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne, 40
 And now they meete where both their lives are done.

Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
 To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Grave:
 Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
 That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
 Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit*
 [with his soldiers]

Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition, 50
 Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
 Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
 The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
 That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
 Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse. [*Exit.*]

[Scene iv. Other plains in Gascony.]

Enter Somerset with his Armie [a Captain of *Talbot's* with him].

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
 Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
 Might with a sally of the very Towne
 Be buckled with: the over-daring *Talbot*
 Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
 By this unheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,

That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name. 10

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

[*Enter Sir William Lucy.*]

Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversitie,
Cries out for noble *Yorke* and *Somerset*,
To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue, 20
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your private discord keepe away
The levied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanson, *Reignard*, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *Yorke* set him on, *Yorke* should have sent him
ayde. 31

Luc. And *Yorke* as fast upon your Grace exclames,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoast,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Love,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:

17. *Regions*: legions—Rowe.

26. *Yeeld*: Yields—2-4F.

Never to England shall he beare his life, 40
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And flye would *Talbot* never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lu. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*]

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse, 10
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.

John. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe. 20

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
 Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
 Upon my death, the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
 But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
 You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
 But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare. 30
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
 Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
 Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee. 40

Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from that
 staine. |

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
 If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
 My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
 No more can I be severed from your side,
 Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine divide: 50
 Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
 For live I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
 Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye. *Exit.*

[Scene vi. *A field of battle.*]

*Alarum: Excursions, whercin Talbots Sonne
is hemm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.*

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done, 10
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword
struck fire, |

It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowde desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quickened with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood 20
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
 Art thou not wearie, *John*? How do'st thou fare? 30
 Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
 Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
 Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
 The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
 If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
 To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
 By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day. 40
 In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
 My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
 The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye: 50
 And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
 To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne,
 And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
 Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
 And commendable prov'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit*. 60

[Scene vii. *Another part of the field.*]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led [by a Servant].*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience: 10
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter [Soldiers,] with John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn, | 21

Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither¹ Skie,
In thy despiht shall scape Mortalitie. ¹yielding
O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:

21. *antique*: *antic* (antick)—3-4F.

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.

Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say, 30

Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.

Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,

My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.

Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,

Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* grave. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,
and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this. 39

Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,¹
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide. ¹*mad*
But with a proud Majesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot² Wench: ²*wanton*
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes 50
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Lucie [attended; Herald of the French
preceding]. |*

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes. 61
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*, 70
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this. 80
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all. 90
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this upstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,

He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd. 100

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou
wilt. |

And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

[Act V. Scene i. *London. The palace.*]

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion? 10

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Unckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,

95. *have him:* have 'em—THEOBALD.

101. *with him:* with 'em—THEOBALD.

1. *Scena secunda:* out—ROWE.

5. *Arminack:* Armagnac, and so throughout—ROWE.

That such immanity¹ and bloody strife ^{*1 ferocity*}
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*, 20
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Unckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answeres every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale. 30

Enter Winchester [in Cardinal's habit], and three Ambassadors. |

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable: 40
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,

Her Beauty, and the vawlew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection. 51
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leysure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I
trow, | 60

Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

[Scene ii. *France. Plains in Anjou.*]

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Jone [and forces].*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne againe unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

53. *wherein ship'd*: where inshipp'd—4F.

1. *Scœna Tertia*: out—*Rowe*.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to us,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces. 11

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them. 20

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. *Alarum.* *Excursions.*

[Scene iii. *Before Angiers.* *Alarum.* *Excursions.*]

Enter Jone de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,¹
And ye choise spirits that admonish me, ¹ *amulets*
And give me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe 10
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
 Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
 Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silenee over-long:
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit:

So you do condiscend to helpe me now. 20

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redresse? My body shall
 Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
 Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
 Before that England give the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come, 30
 That France must vale¹ her lofty plumed Crest,
 And let her head fall into Englands lappe. 1 lower

My ancient Incantations are too weake,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

*Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to
 hand. [Re-enter La Pucelle fighting with
 York. La Pucelle is taken.] French flye. |*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
 Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
 And try if they can gaine your liberty. 40
 A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
 See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
 As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

16. *silenee*: misprint 1F.

31. *vale*: vail-3-4F

35. *droopeth*: misprint 1F.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue. 51

Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Suffolke* with *Margaret*
in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands, 60
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and *Suffolke* am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings: 70
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as *Suffolkes* friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne upon the glassie streames,

60. *reverend*: *reverent*—HANMER.

69. *Signets*: *cygnets*—HANMER.

70. *bis*: *her*—3-4F.

Twinkling another counterfettèd beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe: 80

Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 I: Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What ransome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her love?

M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I
 pay? | 90

Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:

Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom? 101
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden¹ thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, ^{1 mad}
 And peace established betweene these Realmes.
 But there remaines a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,

98. *randon*: *random*-3-4F.

Duke of *Anjou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match. 109

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.

Madam, I have a secret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have bene captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so? 121

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free. 129

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?

Suf. Ile undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe. 140
How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound [a parley]. Enter Reignier on the Wallles.

See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

150

I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,

160

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier [below].

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:

What answer makes your Grace unto my suite? 170

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,

142. And: AR-THROBALD.

To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Upon condition I may quietly
 Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henrics*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her,
 And those two Counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in *Henrics* Royall name, 180
 As Deputy unto that gracious King,
 Give thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I give thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.

[*Aside*] And yet me thinkes I could be well content
 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.

Ile over then to England with this newes.

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes. 190

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christiar Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, &
 praiers, |

Shall Suffolke ever have of *Margaret*. *Shce is going.*

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,
 But Madame, I must trouble you againe, 200
 No loving Token to his Majestie? ¹*touched*

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
 Never yet taint¹ with love, I send the King.

199. *modestie*: modestly-2-4F.

Suf. And this withall. *Kisse her.*

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise. 210
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

[*Scene iv. Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*]

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Jone*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Jone*, sweet daughter *Jone*, Ile die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. 10

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. 'This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye *Jone*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake have I shed many a teare: 20
 Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Jone*.

Pucell. Pezant avant. You have suborn'd this man
 Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
 The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
 Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
 Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
 Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her brest,
 Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake. 30
 Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
 I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?

O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
 Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
 But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
 Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above, 40
 By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
 To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
 But you that are polluted with your lustes,
 Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divels.
 No misconceyved, *Jone* of *Aire* hath beene 50

29. *suck'st*: *suck'dst*-2-4F.

50. *Aire*: *Arc*-Rowe.

A Virgin from her tender infancie,
 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 Place barrells of pitch upon the fatall stake,
 That so her tortute may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts?
 Then *Jone* discovet thine infirmity, 61
 That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
 Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
 Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling,
 I did imagine what would be her refuge. 70

War. Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live,
 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are deceyv'd, my childe is none of his,
 It was *Alanson* that injoy'd my love.

Yorke. *Alanson* that notorious Machevile?
 It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.

Pue. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
 'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intollerable. 80

Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
 (There were so many) whom she may accuse.

59. *tortute*: torture—2-4F.

61. *discovet*: discover—3 4F.

62. *wartanteth*: warranteth—2-4F.

75. *Machevile*: Machiavel—POPE.

77. *Pue.*: misprint 1F.

War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Upon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death 90
Inviron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves.

Exit [guarded.] |

*Enter Cardinall [Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester,
attended.] |*

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace, 100
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspiring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countreyes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Townes, 110
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The utter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selves, 121
What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, 130
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse. 140

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe

That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Us'd intercession to obtaine a league, 151
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one 160
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall: 170
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

152. *compremize*: *compromise*—Rowe.

168-9. 1 l.—Pope.

Actus Quintus.[Scene v. *London. The palace.*]*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
 Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
 Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
 Do breed Loves setled passions in my heart,
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
 Provokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
 So am I driven by breath of her Renowne, 10
 Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
 The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
 Would make a volume of inticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And which is more, she is not so Divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights, 20
 But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
 She is content to be at your command:
 Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
 To Love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
 Therefore my Lord Protector, give consent,
 That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sinne,
 You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
 Unto another Lady of esteeme, 30
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,

1. *Actus Quintus*: out 2-4F.

And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.

A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that? 40

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman unto *Charles*. 49

Exct. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyve, than give.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship: 60

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.

And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedloeke forced? but a Hell,
 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
 Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King, 70
 But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
 Her peerelesse feature, joynd with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 For *Henry*, sonne unto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolve,
 (As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love. 80
 Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming Jove,
 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
 I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts. 90
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,

66. *wedloeke*: misprint 1F.86. *Jove*: love-2-4F.

Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Unckle) banish all offence: 100
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminare my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Gloucester [and Exeter].

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love, 110
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,
WITH THE DEATH OF THE
GOOD DUKE HUMFREY

First printed in Quartos, 1594, 1600, 1619

The First Folio, 1623, gives a text widely differing
from the Quartos

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT' continues the narrative of that monarch's reign, begun in the First Part and concluded in the Third Part, and shows the actual beginning of the Wars of the Roses.

In Act I Margaret of Anjou is wedded to the king, but brings no dower. The Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle and lord protector, is justly incensed that the English conquests should thus be suffered to lapse. But the other nobles unite with the new queen against him, and seize first upon his wife, who is accused of witchcraft.

In Act II the duchess is banished and the duke deprived of office. The strife between the rival houses of York and Lancaster meantime increases.

Gloucester is falsely accused of high treason (Act III) and assassinated. Suffolk, the instigator of the deed, is banished, and killed at sea. The French territory has now totally passed from the weak Henry's hands, while at home the growing power of York becomes a menace. This duke is sent to quell an Irish insurrection, but finds time to incite one at home, under the leadership of Jack Cade.

Cade's rebellion (Act IV) is soon suppressed. York's hand has not appeared on the surface of the rebellion, but after it is ended he returns to England

II. HENRY THE SIXT

with his army on the pretext of settling personal wrongs.

His real intent, however, is the throne — a fact which becomes apparent in a defiant interview (Act V) held with the king near Blackheath. The two armies fight at St. Albans. The king's forces are defeated, and York, with his powerful ally, Warwick, resolves to march upon London.

SOURCES

The sources of the three parts of 'Henry VI' have been jointly considered in the Introduction to the First Part.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period lasts about ten years, from April 22, 1445, the accession of the queen, to May 23, 1455, the battle of St. Albans. The stage period is fourteen days, with various intervals.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The reader is again referred to the Introduction to the First Part for inferences as to date. The date of the First Part was shown to be about 1590. Greene's allusion to the Third Part, in 1592, shows that the Second Part must have been written about 1591.

EARLY EDITIONS

The play first appeared in a Quarto of 1594, with a divergent text, and the title:

'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death

INTRODUCTION

of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragically end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594.'

A Second Quarto appeared in 1600, with the same imprint and the same text.

A Third Quarto was printed by Thomas Pavier about 1619. This combined the early Quarto text of 'The Contention' with that of 'The True Tragedie,' — afterward Part Third of 'Henry VI,' — and for the first time ascribed the authorship to Shakespeare, as follows:

'The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragically ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London for T. P.'

The First Folio of 1623 shows many important variations from the Quarto text. More than one half of the lines are new, while a larger portion of the lines lifted from the First Quarto have undergone change and revision. The title is changed from 'The First Part of the Contention,' etc., to 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.' The play occupies twenty-seven pages in the Folio, from page 120 to page 146, inclusive, under histories. It contains the acts and scenes, but omits the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was later supplied by Rowe.

THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,

with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, *and* Master's-Mate, *and* WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME *and* JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer*. PETER, *his man*.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, *an impostor*.

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman*.

JACK CADE, *a rebel*.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher*,
SMITH *the weaver*, MICHAEL, &c., *followers of*
Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry*.

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester*.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch*.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen,
a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens,
'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messen-
gers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*]

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT,

with the death of the Good
Duke Humfrey.



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*London. The palace.*]

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and
Beau- | ford on the one side.*

*The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,
on the other.*

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence, 10
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanson*,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,

11. *Princes: Princess-4F.*

12. *Toures: Tours-4F.*

And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
 Deliver up my Title in the Queene
 To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance 20
 Of that great Shadow I did represent:
 The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave,
 The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
 I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
 Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnessse:
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
 If Simpathy of Love unite our thoughts. 30

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
 The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
 By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
 In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
 With you mine *Alder liefest* Sovereaigne,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
 With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
 And over joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
 Her words yclad with wisdomes Majesty, 40
 Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
 Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one checrefull voice, Welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Florish*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
 Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
 Betweene our Sovereaigne, and the French King *Charles*,
 For eighteene moneths concluded by consent. 49

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betwene the French*

K. | Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal | espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of | Naples, Sicillia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of | England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. |

Item, That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, | shall be released and delivered to the King her father. | [Lets the paper fall.]

King. Unkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,

Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart, 60
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Unckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Anjou and Maine, shall be released and delivered | over to the King her Father, and shce sent over of the King of | Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without having any | Dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke, 70
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Uncle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let us in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd. 79

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

64. *Dutchesse: duchies* (Dutches-1-2Q.)—CAPELL.

70. *girt: gird*—ROWE.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
 To you Duke *Humfrey* must unload his greefe:
 Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
 What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
 His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
 Did he so often lodge in open field:
 In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits, 90
 To keepe by policy what *Henric* got:
 Have you your selves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 Brave *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
 Receivd deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
 Or hath mine Unckle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
 With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
 Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
 Early and late, debating too and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And hath his Highnesse in his infancie, 100
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
 And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
 Shall *Henrics* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
 Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
 O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
 Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
 Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
 Undoing all as all had never bin. 110

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?

This preroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Unckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Mayne*,
Unto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*: 121
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recoverie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu. 130

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should have torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. [*Glo.*] A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth, 140
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in France, and sterv'd in France
Before——

112. *preroration*: *peroration*—2-4F. 142. *sterv'd*: *starved*—3-4F.

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay, 150
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage, 160
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserve the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse, 170
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Sovereigne?
He being of age to governe of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke, ^{1 hoist}
Wee'l quickly hoyse¹ Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to us, 180
Yet let us watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despise Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behoooves it us to labor for the Realme. 190
I never saw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I seene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th' Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest favour of the Commons, 200
Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Joyne we together for the publike good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
 With Somersets and Buckingham's Ambition, 210
 And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
 While they do tend¹ the profit of the Land. ¹ *serve*
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
 And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. [*Aside*] And so sayes Yorke,
 For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,
 And looke unto the maine.

Warwicke. Unto the maine?
 Oh Father, *Maine* is lost, 220
 That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
 Stands on a tickle² point, now they are gone:
 Suffolke concluded on the Articles, ² *ticklish*
 The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd, 230
 To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
 Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
 And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
 Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
 While as the silly Owner of the goods

215-16. 1 l.—POPE.

217-18. 1 l.—POPE.

219-20. 1 l.—POPE.

Weepes over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away, 240
 Ready to sterve, and dare not touch his owne.
 So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
 Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
 Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
 Unto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the French?
 Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile Englands soile. 250
 A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
 And therefore I will take the *Nevils* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
 And when I spy advantage, claime the Crowne,
 For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
 Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
 Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
 Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
 Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serve: 260
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
 To prie into the secrets of the State,
 Till *Henrie* surfetting in joyes of love,
 With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
 And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at jarres:
 Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
 With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
 And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster, 269

241. *sterve*: *starve*—3-4F.

268. repeated in out—2-4F.

And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

[Scene ii. *The Duke of Gloucester's house.*]

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grovell on thy face, 10
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heav'd it up,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill 20
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?

1. *Elianor*: *Eleanor*, and so throughout—*Rowe*.

22. *world*: *world*—2-4*f*.

23. *dreames*: *dream*—*Capell*.

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand 30
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pôle* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters grove,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster, 39
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe, 50
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames unto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto S. *Albons*, 60
 Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with us? *Ex. Hum*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling blockes,
 And smooth my way upon their headlesse neckes.
 And being a woman, I will not be slacke
 To play my part in Fortunes Pageant. 70

Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay feare not man,
 We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royall Majesty.

Elia. What saist thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
 Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Elia. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
 With *Margerie Jordane* the cunning Witch,
 With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Conjuror?
 And will they undertake to do me good? 80

Hume. This they have promised to shew your Highnes
 A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
 That shall make answer to such Questions,
 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elleanor. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
 When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
 Wee'le see these things effected to the full.

60. *Albons*: **Albans**, and so throughout—3-4F.

78. *Margerie Jordane*: **Margery Jourdain**, and so throughout—
CAPELL.

79. *Bollingbrooke*: **Bolingbroke**, and so throughout—**POPE.**

Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianor. 90

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the DuchesseGold:

Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?

Seale up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,

The businesse asketh silent secrecie.

Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:

Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devill.

Yet have I Gold flyes from another Coast:

I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;

Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine, 100

They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)

Have hyred me to under-mine the Duchesse,

And buzze these Conjurations in her brayne.

They say, A craftie Knave do's need no Broker,

Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere

To call them both a payre of craftie Knaves.

Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,

Humes Knaverie will be the Duchesse Wracke,

And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall: 110

Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. *Exit*

[Scene iii. *The palace.*]

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, [Peter] the Armorers
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

91, 109. *Duchesse*: duchess' (Duchess's—*ROWE*)—*POPE*.

109. *Wracke*: wreck—2*THEOBALD*.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Jesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure. 10

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. [*Reading*] To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? |

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me. 20

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? [*Reads.*] Against the Duke of | Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How | now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

Peter. [*Giving his petition*] Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, | That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the | Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne? 31

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Usurper.

Suff. Who is there?

18. *and't*: *an't*—HANMER. 32. *Mistresse*: *master*—WARBURTON.

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-
 vant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before
 the King. *Exit [Servant with Peter].*

Queene. And as for you that love to be protected
 Under the Wings of our Protectors Grace, 40
 Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, say, is this the guise?
 Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
 Is this the Government of Brittaines Ile?
 And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
 What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
 Under the surly *Glosters* Governance? 50
 Am I a *Queene* in Title and in Stile,
 And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
 I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
 Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Love,
 And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;
 I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
 In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
 But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
 To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beades:
 His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles, 60
 His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
 His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
 Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
 I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content. 70

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorkc*: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife: 79
She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the *Queene*:
She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Povertie:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands, 89
'Till *Suffolke* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe have lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyne with him and with the Lords,
'Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint 100
 Will make but little for his benefit:
 So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
 And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, [Somerset,] Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse [of Gloucester].

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
 Or *Somerset*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.

Yorke. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
 Then let him be denay'd¹ the Regent-ship. 111

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the Place,
 Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him. ^{1denied}

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters speake.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke*.

Warw. *Warwicke* may live to be the best of all.

Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
 Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this? 121

Queene. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
 To give his Censure: These are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
 And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

Suff. Resigne it then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou? 130
 The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,

The Dolphin hath prevayl'd bevond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soveraigntie.

Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have cost a masse of publique Treasurie.

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Upon Offendors, hath exceeded Law, 140
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey. [*The Queen drops her fan.*]
Give me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She gives the Duchesse a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowde French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles, 150
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elleanor* unreveng'd.

Exit Elleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elleanor*,
And listen after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres, 160
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

137. *Wives:* wife's—*ROWE.*

151. *I could:* (I'd—*POPE*) I'd—*CAMBRIDGE.*

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie love my King and Countrey. 170
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soveraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most unmeet of any man.

Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here, 180
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter [Horner the] Armorer and his Man [Peter, guarded].

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* excuse himselfe. 191

Yorke. Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your Majestie, this is the man That doth accuse his Master of High Treason; His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke, Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne, And that your Majestie was an Usurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words? 200

Armorer. [*Hor.*] And't shall please your Majestie, I never sayd | nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am | falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall, Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech: I doe beseech your Royall Majestie, Let him have all the rigor of the Law. 210

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Majestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge: Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French, Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition; 220 And let these have a day appointed them For single Combat, in convenient place, For he hath witnesse of his servants malice: This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Majestie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pittie my case: the spight of man prevayleth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart. 230

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerset*, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene iv. *Gloucester's garden.*]

Enter the Witch [Margery Jourdain], the two Priests [Hume, Southwell], and Bullingbrooke. |

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us.

Exit Hume. 11

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grovell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let us to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft [Hume following].

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere,¹ the sooner the better. ¹ *affair*

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, 19
 The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs¹ howle,
 And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake up their Graves;
 That time best fits the worke we have in hand.

Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
 Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

¹*watch-dogs*

*Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
 Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjuro
 te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
 terribly: then the Spirit
 riseth.*

Spirit. Ad sum.

30

*Witch. [M. Jour.] Asmath, by the eternall God,
 Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
 Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
 Thou shalt not passe from hence.*

*Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
 done.*

*Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-
 come?* [*Reading out of a paper.*]

*Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
 But him out-live, and dye a violent death.*

40

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*]

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
 Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,
 Then where Castles mounted stand.
 Have done, for more I hardly can endure.*

30. *Ad sum: Adsum-2-4F.*

31-4. *Asmath: separate l. and 3 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.*

35-6. *verse, 1 l.—4F.*

37-8. *verse, 1 l.—ROWE.*

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
False Fiend avoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit. 50

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham
with their Guard, and breake in.*

Yorke. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause. 60

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt up close,
And kept asunder: you Madame shall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume guarded.*]

Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt Guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*]

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her
well: |

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.
What have we here? *Reades.* 70

*The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.*

Why this is just, *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso.*
Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

73. *Aio Æacida .. posso: Aio te Æacida .. posse*—WARBURTON.

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shunne Castles,

Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

80

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones*,

With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shal give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

90

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

[Act II. Scene i. *Saint Albans.*]

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and
Suffolke, with Faulknors hallowing.*

Queene. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,¹

¹ *hawking for water-fowl*

I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day:

Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Joane* had not gone out.

86. *goes*: go—*ROWE.* 86-7. 1 l.—*POPE.* 91-2. 1 l.—*CAPELL.*

2. *hallowing*: halloing (hollowing)—4F.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high. 10

Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore:

Card. I thought as much, hee would be above the
Clouds.

Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven? 20

King. The Treasurie of everlasting Joy.

Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.

Glost. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?
Good Unckle hide such mallice:
With such Holynesse can you doe it? 30

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Glost. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Glost. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

11. and: an—POPE.

26-7. 1 l.—POPE.

28-9. 2 ll. ending *iræ*, malice—THEOBALD.

35. *Lords*: lord—CAPELL.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth. 40

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Glost. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith holy Unckle, would't
were come to that. |

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glost. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter, |

In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords? 50

Card. Beleeve me, Cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put up the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

[*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glost. True Unckle, [*Car. aside to Glou.*] are
ye advis'd? |

The East side of the Grove:

[*Glou. aside to Car.*] Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Unckle *Gloster*?

Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
[*Aside to Car.*] Now by Gods Mother, Priest, 60
Ile shave your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence¹ shall fayle. ^{1 skill in fencing}

38-9. 1 l.—MALONE.

47-9. 2 ll. ending darest, grove—THEOBALD.

48. *And:* AN—CAPELL.

53-4. 1 l.—ROWE.

55-6. *are .. grove:* given to *Cardinal*—THEOBALD.

55-6. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

60-1. 1 l.—POPE.

61-6. 3 ll. ending teipsum, yourself, lords—THEOBALD.

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect | your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

70

Glost. What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleev'ing Soules
Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire. 80

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,
bearing the man [Simpcox] betweene two in a
Chayre. [Simpcox's wife following.] |*

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. 90
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace. 100

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*: 110
Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almightye helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master. 120

Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

92, 95, 99. and't: an't—HANMER. 96-7. verse, 1 l.—CAPELL.

101-2. 1 l.—POPE.

105-15. 8 five-accent ll.—POPE.

111. *Symon*: *Simpcox*—2POPE.

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glost. Masse, thou lov'st Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life. 130

Glost. A subtill Knave, but yet it shall not serve: Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

Glost. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glost. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of? 140

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Jet did he never see.

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Glost. What's his Name? 150

Simp. I know not.

Glost. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

128-30. 2 ll. ending *Damsons, life*—POPE.

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Glost. Then *Saunder*, sit there,
The lying'st Knave in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
'Thou might'st as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the severall Colours we doe weare. 160
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Glost. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes? 170

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glost. Then send for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit [an Attendant].

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to save your selfe from Whipping,
leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes. 180

Glost. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

155. and: an-POPE.

168-70. prose-MALONE.

156-66. prose-QQ.

184-5. 1 l.-IQ.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle. 190

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Glost. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glost. Let them be whipt through every Market Towne, |
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Glost. But you have done more Miracles then I: 200
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort¹ of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, ^{1 company}

Under the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Eliaenor*, the Protectors Wife,

The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Have practis'd dangerously against your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers, 210

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,

Raysing up wicked Spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,

And other of your Highnesse Privie Councill,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so my Lord Protector,
by this meanes |

Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.

This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grieve have vanquisht all my powers; 221
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Gloster*, see here the Taincture¹ of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, 230
Sorry I am to heare what I have heard, ¹ *defilement*
Noble shee is: but if shee have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and convers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly, 240
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Justice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *London. The Duke of York's garden.*]

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subjects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:

10

Edward the third, my Lords, had seven Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne, 20
Who after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *John* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse *Richard* was murdered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne. 30

27. *Pumfret: Pomfret—Rowe.*

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March :
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March; 40
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.

Salisb. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I have read, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, hadbeene King;
Who kept him in Captivitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*, 50
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Unto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this? |

36-8. 2 ll. ending line, daughter—POPE.

38, 55. *Phillip*: Philippe—HANMER.

49-56. 6 ll. ending was son, son, heir, son, Philippe, Clarence—CAPELL.

50. *was*: was son—ROWE.

51. *Sonnes*: out—THEOBALD. 59. *proceedings*: proceeding—2-4F.

Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *John* of Gaunt,
 'The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third: 61
 Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
 And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
 Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
 And in this private Plot be we the first,
 That shall salute our rightfull Soveraigne
 With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long live our Soveraigne *Richard*, Englands
 King. 70

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
 But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
 And that my Sword be stayn'd
 With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 But with advice and silent secrecie.
 Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
 Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
 At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
 At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them, 80
 Till they have snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
 That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
 'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
 at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of War-
 wick |
 Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.

Yorke. And *Nevill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall live to make the Earle of Warwick 90
 The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *A ball of justice.*]

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, [the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury,] | with Guard, to banish the Duchesse [the Duchess, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke]. |

King. Stand forth Dame *Elleanor Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, unto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes, 10
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Elleanor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Glost. *Elleanor*, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,
I cannot justifie whom the Law condemnes: 20

[*Excunt Duchess and other prisoners guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of grieve.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majestie give me leave to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
 Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
 And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
 And Lanthorne to my feete: 30
 And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belov'd,
 Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
 Should be to be protected like a Child,
 God and King *Henry* governe Englands Realme:
 Give up your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
 As willingly doe I the same resigne,
 As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
 And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it, 40
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
 May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret*
 Queen, |
 And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
 That beares so shrewd¹ a mayme: two Pulls at once;
 His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off. ^{1 sharp}
 This Staffe of Honor raught,² there let it stand,
 Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand. ^{2 reached} 50

Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
 Thus *Eliaors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Majestie,
 This is the day appointed for the Combat,
 And ready are the Appellant and Defendand,
 The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
 So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

26-30. 4 five-accent ll. — POPE.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right. 61

Yorke. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight; then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking | to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a | Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge | fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a | Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him. | 69

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid. 80

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke youall: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*,

60. *A:* O'-CAPELL.

85. *and:* an-CAPELL.

81-2. prose-ROWE.

take all the Money that I have. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already. 89

Salisb. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forsooth.

Salisb. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Salisb. *Thumpe?* Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Qucene: and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downe-right blow. 102

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

[*Alarum.*] *They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.*

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason. [Dies.]

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way. 109

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish.

Exeunt.

[Scene iv. *A street.*]*Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.*

Glost. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
 And after Summer, evermore succedes
 Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
 So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
 Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Glost. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
 To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse: 10
 Unneath¹ may shee endure the Flintie Streets, ¹ *hardly*
 To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke² ² *endure*
 The abject People, gazing on thy face,
 With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
 That erst did follow thy prowde Chariot-Wheelles,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
 My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries. 19

*Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper
 burning in her hand, with [Sir John Stan-
 ley] the Sherife | and Officers.*

Serv. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Eliaenor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
 Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
 See how the giddy multitude doe point,

7. a: o'—CAPELL.

And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. 30
 Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
 And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glost. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grieve.

Eliaenor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe:
 For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,
 And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
 Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
 Mayl'd up in shame, with Papers on my back,
 And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce 40
 To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fet¹ groanes.
 The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, ¹*fetched*
 And when I start, the envious people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I treade.

Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
 Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke upon the World,
 Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?
 No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
 To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
 Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfrefyes* Wife, 50
 And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
 As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse,
 Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
 To every idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
 Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
 For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
 With her, that hateth thee and hates us all, 60
 And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,

47. enjoyes: enjoy—Rowe.

Have all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
 And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
 But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seeke prevention of thy foes.

Glost. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aymest all awry.
 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 And had I twentie times so many foes,
 And each of them had twentie times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe, 70
 So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
 But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
 These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,
 Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth. 80

Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My *Nell*, I take my leave: and Master Sherife,
 Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sb. And't please your Grace, here my Commission
 staves: |

And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glost. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your
 Grace. 90

Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

85. *And't: An't*—HANMER.

You use her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Elienor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glost. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elienor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death; 100
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favor;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.

Elienor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you shall be us'd. 111

Elienor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct¹ of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elienor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:

Come *Stanley*, shall we goe? ¹ conductor

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey. 119

Elienor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

93-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

99. to: too—2-4F.

117-18. 1 l.—POPE.

[Act III. Scene i. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*]

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muse¹ my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, ^{1 wonder}
What e're occasion keeps him from us now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become, 10
How prowde, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe unbowed Knee,
Disdaining dutie that to us belongs. 20
Small Cures are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell. 30
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
 And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
 The reverent care I beare unto my Lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
 Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant, 40
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectuell.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
 And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
 I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale.
 The Duchesse, by his subornation,
 Upon my Life began her divellish practises:
 Or if he were not privie to those Faults, 50
 Yet by reputing of his high discent,
 As next the King, he was successive Heire,
 And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
 Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
 By wicked meanes to frame our Soveraignes fall.
 Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
 No, no, my Soveraigne, *Glouster* is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit. 60

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
 Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levie great summes of Money through the Realme,
 For Souldiers pay in France, and never sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot, 70
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,
To dreame on evill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance? 1
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd, ^{1 trust}
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Raven. 80
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him, 80
For hee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost. 90

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

Yorke. [*Aside*] Cold Newes for me: for I had hope
of France, |

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,

And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:
 But I will remedie this geare¹ ere long, 1 *matter*
 Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glost. All happinesse unto my Lord the King: 100
 Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
 Unlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
 I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glost. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
 Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
 A Heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
 The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
 As I am cleare from Treason to my Sovereigne.
 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie? 110

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
 That you tooke Bribes of France,
 And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
 By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Glost. Is it but thought so?
 What are they that thinke it?
 I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
 Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
 So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
 I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
 That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King, 121
 Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
 No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
 Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
 Have I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did devise 130
Strange Tortures for Offendors, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Glost. Why'tis well known, that whiles I was Protec-
tor, |

Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an Offendors teares,

And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:

Unlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,

Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I never gave them condigne punishment.

Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd 140
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,

And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall

To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall. ¹ *suspicion*

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,¹

My Conscience tells me you are innocent. 150

Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:

Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,

And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;

Foule Subornation is predominant,

And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.

I know, their Complot is to have my Life:

And if my death might make this Iland happy,

And prove the Period of their Tyrannie,
 I would expend it with all willingnesse.
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play: 160
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
 And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham unburthens with his tongue,
 The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
 And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
 Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
 By false accuse¹ doth leuell at my Life. ^{1 accusation}

And you, my Soveraigne Lady, with the rest, 170
 Causelesse have lay'd disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest² Liege to be mine Enemie: ^{2 dearest}

I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
 My selfe had notice of your Conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.

I shall not want false Witenesse, to condemne me,
 Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
 The ancient Proverbe will be well effected,
 A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge. 180

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
 If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
 From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
 Be thus upbrayded, chid, and rated at,
 And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them coole in zeale unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soveraigne Lady here
 With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
 As if she had suborned some to sweare
 False allegations, to o'rethrow his state. 190

Qu. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.

Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side, 200
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster [guarded]. |

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliam-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie: 210

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Unckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now envies thy estate?

That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subversion of thy harmelesse Life.

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe, 220
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straves,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorselesse have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,

Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Even so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
 With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies. 230
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough¹ doth sting a Child,
 That for the beautie thinkes it excellent. ¹*skin* 241
 Beleeve me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid us from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
 The King will labour still to save his Life, 250
 The Commons haply rise, to save his Life;
 And yet we have but triviall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man alive, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, 260
 As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
 To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
 Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prov'd an Enemie to the Flock,
 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood, 270
 As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
 And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by Gynnes,¹ by Snares, by Subtletie, ^{1traps}
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit, ^{2checkmates}
 Which mates² him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue, 280
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my Sovereaigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And Ile provide his Executioner,
 I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I. 290

Yorke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow uncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile give you in this weightie cause? 301

Yorke. That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd, ¹*far-fetched*
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet¹ pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, 310
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preserv'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all. 320

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest
shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:

Th'uncivill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
 Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Majestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent, 330
 And what we doe establish, he confirms:

Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
 But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that event. 340

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
 At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or never, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution;
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
 Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying: 349
 Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
 And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
 Faster then Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
 And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
 My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,

342. *Bristow*: *Bristol*-*Rowe*.

348-9. *art*; *Resigne*: semicolon out-4F.

Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
 Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
 I feare me, you but warne the starved Snake,
 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me; 360
 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
 I will stirre up in England some black Storme,
 Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell:
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Untill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
 Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
 And for a minister of my intent, 370
 I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
 In Ireland have I seene this stubborne *Cade*
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
 Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
 And in the end being rescued, I have seene
 Him capre upright, like a wilde Morisco, 380
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the Enemye,
 And undiscover'd, come to me againe,
 And given me notice of their Villanies.
 This Devill here shall be my substitute;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

By this, I shall perceive the Commons minde,
 How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*. 390
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Armes.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reape the Harvest which that Rascall sow'd.
 For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*]

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
 Murther of Duke Humfrey.*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
 We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done?
 Didst ever heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
 I will reward you for this venturous deed: 11

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Have you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
 Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
 Attendants.*

King. Goe call our Unckle to our presence straight:
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, 21

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Unckle *Gloster*,
Then from true evidence, of good esteeme,
He be approv'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should prevayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition. 30

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Unckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

*King sounds.*¹ 40

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead. ^{1 swoons}

Som. Rere up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry*ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth revive againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heavenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Sovereigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Ravens Note, 51
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

31. *Nell*: Meg-CAPELL.

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
 Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
 Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
 Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
 Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
 Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie 60
 Sits in grim Majestic, to fright the World.
 Looke not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
 Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy;
 In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
 Although the Duke was enemie to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
 And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me, 70
 Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
 Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;
 I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
 Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
 And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach: 80
 This get I by his death: Aye me unhappie,
 To be a *Queene*, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
 What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
 What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne *Queene*.

Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
 Why then Dame *Elleanor* was neere thy joy. 90
 Erect his Statue, and worship it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
 Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward¹ winde from Englands banke
 Drove backe againe unto my Native Clime. ¹ *contrary*
 What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
 Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkinde Shore.
 What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves, 100
 And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
 Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke:
 Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
 But left that hatefull office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
 With teares as salt as Sea, through thy unkindnesse.
 The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, 110
 Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elleanor*.
 As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
 When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate us backe,
 I stood upon the Hatches in the storme:
 And when the duskie sky, began to rob
 My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
 I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke,
 A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it,

90. *Elleanor was neere*: Margaret was ne'er—Rowe.

91. *Statue*: *statua*—DYCE.

111. *Elleanor*; 131. *Elinor*: Margaret—Rowe.

And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart: 120
 And even with this, I lost faire Englands view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
 And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
 For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolkes tongue
 (The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
 To sit and watch me as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
 Am I not wicht like her? Or thou not false like him? 130
 Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
 For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost live so long.

*Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, [Salisbury,] and many
 Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Soveraigne,
 That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is mured
 By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
 The Commons like an angry Hive of Bees
 That want their Leader, scatter up and downe,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge. 140
 My selfe have calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
 Untill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
 But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
 Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
 And comment then upon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
 With the rude multitude, till I returne. [Exit.]

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoghts:
 My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule, 150

Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
 If my suspect¹ be false, forgive me God, ^{1 suspicion}
 For judgement onely doth belong to thee:
 Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
 Upon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
 To tell my love unto his dumbe deafe trunke,
 And with my fingers feele his hand, unfeeling:
 But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies, 159

Bed put forth. [Re-enter *Warwick* and others.]

And to survey his dead and earthy Image:
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Sovereaigne, view this
 body.

King. That is to see how deepe my grave is made,
 For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
 For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to live
 With that dread King that tooke our state upon him,
 To free us from his Fathers wrathfull curse, 170
 I do beleeeve that violent hands were laid
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
 What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is setled in his face.
 Oft have I seene a timely-parted Ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart,
 Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy, 180
 Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
 To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
 But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:

His eye-balles further out, than when he lived,
 Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
 His hayre up rear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
 Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
 His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
 Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged: 191
 It cannot be but he was mured heere,
 The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who should do the D. to death?
 My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
 And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
 And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
 Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy. 200

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding
 fresh, |

And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
 But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
 Although the Kyte soare with unbloudied Beake?
 Even so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your
 Knife? | 210

Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
 But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
 That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke*
 dare | him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller, 221
 Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reverence may I say,
 For every word you speake in his behalfe,
 Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
 If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
 Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
 Some sterne untutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
 Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
 And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race. 231

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my Soveraignes presence makes me milde,
 I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
 Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
 And after all this fearefull Homage done, 240
 Give thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 Unworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,

And doe some service to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost.

Excunt [Suffolk and Warwick].

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell just; 250
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their
Weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor have we here? 260

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mightie Sovereaine.

Enter Salisbury [To the Commons].

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death. 270
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Love and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.

They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
 That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
 And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
 In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; 280
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
 Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
 That slyly glyded towards your Majestie,
 It were but necessarie you were wak't:
 Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
 The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
 And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
 From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
 With whose invenomed and fatall sting, 290
 Your loving Unckle, twentie times his worth,
 They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht Hindes,
 Could send such Message to their Sovereigne:
 But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
 To shew how queint¹ an Orator you are. ¹ *artful*
 But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, 300
 Sent from a sort² of Tinkers to the King. ² *company*

[*Commons*] *Within.* An answer from the King, or wee will all | breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 I thanke them for their tender loving care;
 And had I not beene cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
 For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecie,
 Mischance unto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.

288. *where:* (whe're-4F.) whether-CAMBRIDGE.

And therefore by his Majestie I sweare, 310
Whose farre-unworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Ungentle *Queene*, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease unto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found, 320
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Devill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle *Queene*, these Execrations, 330
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heavie leave.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate, 340
As leane-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.

334. *curse*: *curse*-3-4F.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
 Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
 I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban,
 And even now my burthen'd heart would breake
 Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
 Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypresse Trees:
 Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes: 350
 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lызards stings:
 Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
 And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell——

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
 And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
 Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile,
 And turnes the force of them upon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban,¹ and will you bid me leave?²
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from, 360
 Well could I curse away a Winters night, ¹ *curse*
 Though standing naked on a Mountaine top, ² *stop*
 Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,
 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
 Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my wofull Monuments.
 Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand, 369
 That thou might'st thinke upon these by the Seale,
 Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
 So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
 'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,

344. *an:* on—Qq.353. *Consort:* Concert—THEOBALD.358. *turnes:* turn—Rowe.

As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
 I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
 Advenrure to be banished my selfe:
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speake not to me; even now be gone.
 Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
 Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaves, 380
 Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
 A Wildernesse is populous enough,
 So Suffolke had thy heavenly company:
 For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
 With every severall pleasure in the World:
 And where thou art not, Desolation. 390
 I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
 My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queenc. Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
 That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
 For sodainly a greevous sicknesse tooke him,
 That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth. 400
 Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
 Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soule,

And I am sent to tell his Majestie,
That even now he cries alowd for him.

Qu. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeve I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure? 410
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe, 420
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where¹ from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes: ¹ *whereas*
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall. 430

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosive,
Ir is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile have an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Qu. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
That ever did containe a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Barke, so sunder we: 440
This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me.

Excunt
[severally.]

[Scene iii. *A bedchamber.*]

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soveraigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile give thee Englands Treasure, |

Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of evill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my Triall when you will. 11
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men live where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Alive againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile give a thousand pound to looke upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie 20
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mover of the heavens,

13. *where: whether—JOHNSON.*

Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
 Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
 That layes strong siege unto this wretches soule,
 And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
 Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse, 30
 Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.
 Close up his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
 And let us all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

[Act IV. Scene i. *The coast of Kent.*]

Alarum. *Fight at Sea.* *Ordnance goes off.*

*Enter Lieutenant, [Captain, a Master, a Master's-
 Mate, Walter Whitmore,] Suffolke, and others
 [prisoners].* |

Lieu. [*Cap.*] The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull
 day, |

Is crept into the bosome of the Sea: ¹*embrace*

And now loud houling Wolves arouse the Jades

That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:

Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings

Cleape¹ dead-mens graves, and from their misty Jawes,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize, 10

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make theit ransome on the sand,

8. *Cleape:* Clip—THEOBALD.

12. *theit:* their—2-4F.

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely give I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. *Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen? 21

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie summe.

1. *Gent.* Ile give it sir, and therefore spare my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live. 30

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blurre our name, 41
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

[Jove sometime went disguisde, and why not I?]

Lieu. But Jove was never slaine as thou shalt be, 50

[*Suf.*] Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King *Henries*
blood. |

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne, 60
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:

How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poule.

Suf. Poule!]

49-50. bracketed l.-Qq.

51. *lowsie*: *lowly*-Qq.

51-2. *blood*. *The*: *blood*, *The*-POPE (Qq.). ^a *Poule*: *Pole*-3Q.

70. new l. at *Suf.*-Rowe.

51. given to *Suf.*-Qq.

52. *Suf.*: out-Qq.

70-1. bracketed ll.-Qq.

Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,

71

I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver Spring, where England drinkes:
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
 Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humfries* death,
 Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
 Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
 And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell, 80
 For daring to affye¹ a mighty Lord 1 ally
 Unto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
 Having neyther Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By divellish policy art thou growne great,
 And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee,
 Disdaine to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
 Hath slaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts, 90
 And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
 The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevils* all,
 Whose dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,
 As hating thee, and rising up in armes.
 And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
 By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,
 And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
 Burnes with revenging fire, whose hopefull colours
 Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.* 100
 The Commons heere in Kent are up in armes,
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,

78. *sball*: shalt-2-4F.86. *Motber*: mother's-Rowe.

Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives: 110
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me safely crossæ the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. [*Whit.*] Come Suffolke, I must
waft thee | to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt have cause to feare before I leave thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope. 120

1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Us'd to command, untaught to pleade for favour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare: 130
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talkc no more:

[*Suf.*] Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

115. *crossæ*: misprint 1F. only.

116. new l. at W.—2-4F.

118. *Pine*: out—2-4F.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
 Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.¹ ¹ *beggars*
 A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slave
 Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutsn* Bastard hand
 Stab'd *Julius Cæsar*. Savage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.
Exit Water with Suffolke. 140

Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we have set,
 It is our pleasure one of them depart:
 Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and livelesse bodie lye,
 Untill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
 His body will I beare unto the King:
 If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends, 150
 So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.
[Exit with the body.]

[Scene ii. *Blackbeath.*]

Enter Bevis, and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
 Lath, they have bene up these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
 dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
 nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,

134. *Suf.*: out, and l. 133 given *Suf.*—HANMER.

137. *Brutsn*: misprint 1F. only for *Brutus*.

140. *Water*: *Walter*—2-4F. 146. *livelesse*: lifeless—CAPELL.

it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came up. 10

Bevis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a brave minde, then a hard hand. 21

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Bests* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. Hee shall have the skinnnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Bev. Argo, their thred of life is spun. 30

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter *Cade*, *Dicke Butcher*, *Smith the Weaver*, and a *Sawyer*, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *John Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Father.

[*Dick*] *But.* [*Aside*] Or rather of stealing a *Cade*¹ of Herrings. | ¹ *keg*

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

37. *faile*: *fall*-4F.

But. Silence.

40

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes¹ here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. 50

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but the Cage.²

¹ *linen* ² *jail*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of prooffe. 61

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loaves sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be. 70

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will

apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was never mine owne man since. How now? Who's there? 83

Enter [some bringing forward] a Clearke.

Weaver. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer. 91

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. | Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy | name?

Clearke. Emanuell.

But. They use to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you. 100

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? | Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea- | ling man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke 110

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother | are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

119

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre- | sently; [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. [*Rises.*] Now have at him. |

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, 131
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I sir. 140

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the bricke are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not. 152

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Jacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lyes, for I invented it my selfe.
Go too Sir- | rah, tell the King from me, that for his
Fathers sake *Hen-* | *ry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes
went to Span-counter | for French Crownes) I am
content he shall raigne, but Ile | be Protector over
him. | 161

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l have the Lord *Sayes* head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath

138-9. verse, 2 ll. ending *March*, not-*POPE*.

153-4. verse, 2 ll. ending words, what-*POPE*.

157. new l. at *Go*-*THEOBALD*.

gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance. 170

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevayle, Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are up with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, 180 May even in their Wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,¹

For they are thrifty honest men, and such ¹ *bobnailed shoes* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts. 189

But. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Excunt.*]

[Scene iii. *Another part of Blackheath.*]

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaved'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine

owne Slaughter-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more. 10

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deserv'st no lesse.
This Monument of the victory will I beare [*putting on*
Sir Humphrey's brigandine], and the bo- | dies shall be
dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to | Lon-
don, where we will have the Maiors sword born be- |
fore us.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open
the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
towards London. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. London. The palace.]

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with
Suf- | folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the
Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greefe softens the mind,
And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells
Supplication? 11

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Jacke Cade* their Generall.

But stay, Ile read it over once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent, 20
That were unworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Jacke Cade* hath sworne to hvae thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Love) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not have mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Love, I should not mourne, but dye for thee. 30

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord:
Jacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace Usurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercillesse: 40
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Untill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive,

These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee, 50
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Jacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Joyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly sweare 60
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *London. The Tower.*]

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jacke Cade* slaine?

1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The L. Maior craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

50. *hateth*: hate-2-4F. 66. *you betraid*: you be betray'd-2-4F.
4-8. prose-POPE.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
 But I am troubled heere with them my selfe, 10
 The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.
 Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
 And so farwell, for I must hence againe. *Exeunt*

[Scene vi. *London. Cannon Street.*]

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
 And heere sitting upon London Stone,
 I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
 The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
 This first yeare of our raigne.
 And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
 That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running. 10

Soul. *Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.*

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l never call yee *Jacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
 But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
 And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
 Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.* 20

[Scene vii. *London. Smithfield.*]

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hut. [*But.*] I have a suite unto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth. 9

John. [*Aside*] Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust | in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet. |

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath | stinkes with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting Statutes |
Unlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common. *Enter a Messenger.* 20

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which sold the Townes in France. He that made us pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subsidie. ¹*satin*

Enter George [*Bevis*], *with the Lord Say.*

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou *Say*,¹ thou *Surge*, nay thou *Buckram Lord*, now

27. *Surge: serge—Rowe.*

art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandie unto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome¹ that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth,² dost thou not? ¹ *broom*

Say. What of that?

² *saddle-cloth* 49

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

61

60. *wher'e*: where-3-4F.

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
 Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle:
 Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
 The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
 I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
 Yet to recover them would loose my life:
 Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
 Prayres and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never.
 When have I ought exacted at your hands? 71
 Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
 Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
 And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
 Unlesse you be possest with divellish spirits,
 You cannot but forbear to murther me:
 This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
 For your behoofe. 80

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
 Those that I never saw, and strucke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
 Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Give him a box o' th'eare, and that wil make 'em
 red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
 Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases. 90

Cade. You shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help
 of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quiver man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare provokes me.

71-2. hands? Kent: hands, But-RANN.

91. Candle: caudle-4F.

Cade. Nay, he noddeth at us, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold? 100
Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?
These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar¹ under his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both uppon two poles hither. ¹*spirit* 113

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countymen: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your selves:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*] the | proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on | his shoulders, unlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not | a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden- | head ere they have it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. | And we charge and command, that their wives be as free | as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. | 125

107. *and:* an—POPE.

109. *a:* o'—THEOBALD.

Dicke. My Lord,
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our billes?¹

¹ *spears*

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

130

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kisse one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giving up
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie untill night:
For with these borne before us, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner
Have them kisse. Away.

Exit 140

[Scene viii. *Southwark.*]

*Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heere?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford [attended].

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King 11

126-7. prose—THEOBALD.

3. *Magnes: Magnus*—WARBURTON.

132-40. prose—THEOBALD.

6-8. prose—HANMER.

Unto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Counttrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.

Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, God save his Majesty.

Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, 20
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and passe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleeeve him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Fteedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slaverie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-
thens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light upon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. 40
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:

17. *rabble*: rebel—2SINGER. 28. *White-heart*: White Hart—4F.
30. *Fteedome*: freedom—2-4F. 37-8. 1 l.—POPE.

Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
 Unlesse by robbing of your Friends, and us.
 Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jarre,
 The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
 Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
 Me thinkes alreadie in this civill broyle,
 I see them Lording it in London streets, 50
 Crying *Villiago* unto all they meete.
 Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
 Then you should stoope unto a Frenchmans mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost:
 Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
 God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
 Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford. 59

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
 as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
 to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee de-
 solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
 me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
 in despight of the divels and hell, have through the verie
 middest of you, and heavens and honor be witnesse, that
 no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
 base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
 my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, 70
 And he that brings his head unto the King,
 Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.
 Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
 To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene ix. *Kenilworth Castle.*]

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and [old] Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majesty. 10
Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter [below,] Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives, 20
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland, 30
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
distrest,
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate. 40
But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be dismiss from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Countrey good. 50

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish. Exeunt.

41. *dispierc'd*: dispersed—4F.

[Scene x. *Kent. Iden's garden.*]

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet¹ another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet,² my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;³ and many a time when I have beene dry, & bravely marching, it hath serv'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

¹ salad ² helmet ³ spear

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoyled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. 20
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes

2. *Ambitions:* ambition—2-4F.

21. *warning:* waning—POPE.

26. *A:* Ah—ROWE.

of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part. 30

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt brave me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more. 41

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, 50 And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-on that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight. [Cade falls.] 60

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten thousand divelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, 70
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge; |
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. 80
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon. *Exit.*

63. *I'de*: I'd—CAMBRIDGE.

[Act V. Scene i. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*]

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henrics* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Majestas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words, 10
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege, 20
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. [*Aside*] Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so
great. |

Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,

1. *with*: misprint 1F.

8. *knowes*: know—Rowe.

13. *Fleure*: flower—Rowe.

I am so angry at these abject tearmes.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie. 30

I am farre better borne then is the king:

More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.

But I must make faire weather yet a while,

Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while:

My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.

The cause why I have brought this Armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,

Seditious to his Grace, and to the State. 40

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy Armes be to no other end,

The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.

Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selves:

Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,

You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. 50

And let my Soveraigne, vertuous *Henry*,

Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,

As pledges of my Fealtie and Love,

Ile send them all as willing as I live:

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,

We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to us

That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme? 61

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe unto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebelle *Cade*,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King: 70
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how just art
thou? |

Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves his King. 80

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, [*He kneels.*] rise up a
Knight: |

We give thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bountie,
And never live but true unto his Liege. [*Rises.*]

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. 90

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes, 100
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more 110
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

York. Wold'st have me kneele? First let me ask of thee, |

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:

[*Exit Attendant.*]

I know ere they will have me go to Ward,¹ ¹ *prison*
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine, 120

117. *sonne*: sons—2-4F.

119. *of*: for—2-4F.

To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter [old] Clifford [and his son]. 130

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
[*Kneels.*]

Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee? |

Nay, do not fright us with an angry looke:
We are thy Soveraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King. 141

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is atrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall give their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serve.

138. *mistakes*: *mistakest*-2-4F. 144. *atrested*: *arrested*-2-4F.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor: 151

Call hither to the stake my two brave Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and
Salisbury.*

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears
to death, | ¹ *bear-keeper*

And manacle the Berard¹ in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place. 160

Rich. Oft have I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your
selves: 171

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

159. *Berard*: bear-ward—POPE.

If it be banisht from the frostie head,
 Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre, 180
 And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
 That bowes unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my selfe
 The Title of this most renowned Duke,
 And in my conscience, do repute his grace
 The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 191

Ki. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare unto a sinne:
 But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
 Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
 To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
 To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
 To reave the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
 To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong, 200
 But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke, Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death and dignitie.

OldClif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames prove true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
 To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst conjure up to day: 210
 And that Ile write upon thy Burgonet,¹ ^{1 helmet}
 Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Newils* Crest,
 The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
 This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
 As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
 That keepe his leaves insight of any storme,
 Even io affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt, 220
 Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,
 To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Yo. Clif. Foule stygmaticke² that's more then thou
 canst tell. ^{2 deformed one}

Ric. If not in heaven, you'l surely sup in hell. *Excunt*
 [*severally.*]

[Scene ii. *Saint Alban's.*]

[*Alarums to battle.*] *Enter Warwicke.*

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles.
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
 Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
 And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
 Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

212. housed: household—Qq.

218. io: to—Rowe.

221. Bearard: bear-ward—POPE.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed: 11
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, 20
It greeves my soule to leave thee unassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mineemie.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both. 30

Yor. A dreadfull lay,¹ addresse² thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

Clif. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.* [Dies.]

Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for thou art
still, | ¹ *wager* ² *make ready*
Peace with his soule, heaven if it be thy will.

21. *thee*: misprint 1F.

22-3. 1 l.—POPE.

32. *Corrone les eumenes*: *couronne* (*couronné*—POPE)—THEOBALD;
les œuvres—2-4F.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
 Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part, 40
 Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
 He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
 Hath no selfe-love: nor he that loves himselfe,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
 The name of Valour. [*Seeing his dead father.*] O let
 the vile world end, |
 And the premised Flames of the Last day,
 Knit earth and heaven together.
 Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities, and pettie sounds
 To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) 50
 To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeve
 The Silver Livery of advised¹ Age, ^{1 sedate}
 And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
 To die in Ruffian battell? Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
 No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
 Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
 And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
 Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax: 60
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty.
 Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
 Into as many gobbits will I cut it
 As wilde *Medea* yong *Absirtis* did.

In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
 Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
 As did *Æneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
 So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders:
 But then, *Æneas* bare a living load;
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. 70
 [*Exit, bearing off his father.*]

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight. [Somerset is killed.]

Rich. So lye thou there:
 For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
 The Castle in S. *Albons*, Somerset
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
 Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill. [*Exit.*]
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good *Margaret*
 stay. 82

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way, and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
 Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
 (As well we may, if not through your neglect) 90
 We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
 And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
 May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
 I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
 But flye you must: Uncureable discomfite
 Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.¹ ¹*parties*
 Away for your releefe, and we will live
 To see their day, and them our Fortune give. 100
 Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *Fields near St. Alban's.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,
 and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.*

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
 That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions, and all brush² of Time: ²*hurt*
 And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
 Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
 Is not it selfe, nor have we wonne one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father: 10
 Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
 Perswaded him from any further act:
 But still where danger was, still there I met him,
 And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
 But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
 By'th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard.* 20

95. *hearts: heart's*—2-3F.

God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let us pursue him ere the Writs go forth. 30
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to us befall. *Exeunt.*

33. *band: faith—Qq.*

36. *Drumme: drums—Qq.*

FINIS.

THE THIRD PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,
WITH THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF YORKE

First printed in Quartos, 1595, 1600, 1619

The First Folio, 1623, gives a text widely differing
from the Quartos

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT' is a conclusion of the narrative of his reign from the two preceding parts. The Wars of the Roses continue, with Earl Warwick, the 'King-maker,' in the foreground.

In Act I the Duke of York reaches London and claims the throne. Henry VI parleys with him, and agrees to devolve the succession upon him. Queen Margaret thereupon musters an army in her son's behalf, and York is defeated and slain.

York's sons, Edward and Richard, are joined by Warwick (Act II), muster another army, engage the queen's forces, and rout them. Edward claims the throne as Edward IV.

In Act III Warwick seeks a French marital alliance for the new king, but his plans are overturned by Edward's sudden espousal of Lady Grey. Warwick is thus humiliated in his embassy, and in revenge he effects peace with Queen Margaret, who is also in France seeking aid. The two are promised French allies.

Warwick hastens home (Act IV), surprises Edward, takes the crown from his head, and bestows it again upon Henry, who has been confined to the Tower. Edward escapes from Warwick and again dethrones Henry.

In Act V the forces of Edward and Warwick engage

III. HENRY THE SIXT

near Barnet, and the 'King-maker' is defeated and slain. Queen Margaret's army is also overcome at Tewkesbury; and Edward's crown seems secure when Henry VI is assassinated by Richard, the second son of York.

SOURCES

In the Introduction to the First Part of 'Henry VI,' the sources and authorship of the Second and Third Parts were also considered.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period covers sixteen years, from May 23, 1455, the battle of St. Albans, to May 22, 1471, the public obsequies of Henry VI. The stage time is about twenty days, with intervals indicating a year.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

In the preliminary study of the First Part it has been seen that Robert Greene charged Shakespeare with plagiarism in connection with the early play, 'The True Tragedie,' on which the Third Part rests. This charge was made in December, 1592, which would indicate a month in the early part of that year, or in 1591, as the date of the Third Part's production.

As to textual evidence, the play's close relation to 'Richard III' indicates that it belongs to the same general period of authorship. Beyond this conjectures are not safe, owing to the disturbed condition of the text.

EARLY EDITIONS

The play first appeared in a Quarto of 1595, with different text and title:

INTRODUCTION

‘The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal, 1595.’

A Second Quarto, a reprint of the First, came out in 1600.

In 1619 this text of ‘The True Tragedie’ was printed in a Third Quarto, in conjunction with the Quarto of ‘The Contention’—afterward Part Second of ‘Henry VI.’ The whole was ascribed to Shakespeare by the printer. The title-page ran:

‘The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt. Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P.’

The First Folio, 1623, version of ‘The Third Part of Henry the Sixt’ differs materially from its prototype, ‘The True Tragedie.’ About one third of the lines are new, one third old, and the remaining third revised.

The Third Part occupies twenty-six pages in the Folio, under histories, from page 147 to page 172, inclusive, with two misprints in paging. It is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was supplied by Rowe.

THE THIRD PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,

with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *his son.*

LEWIS XI. *King of France.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards*

King Edward IV.,

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*

} *his sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

} *uncles to the Duke of York.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

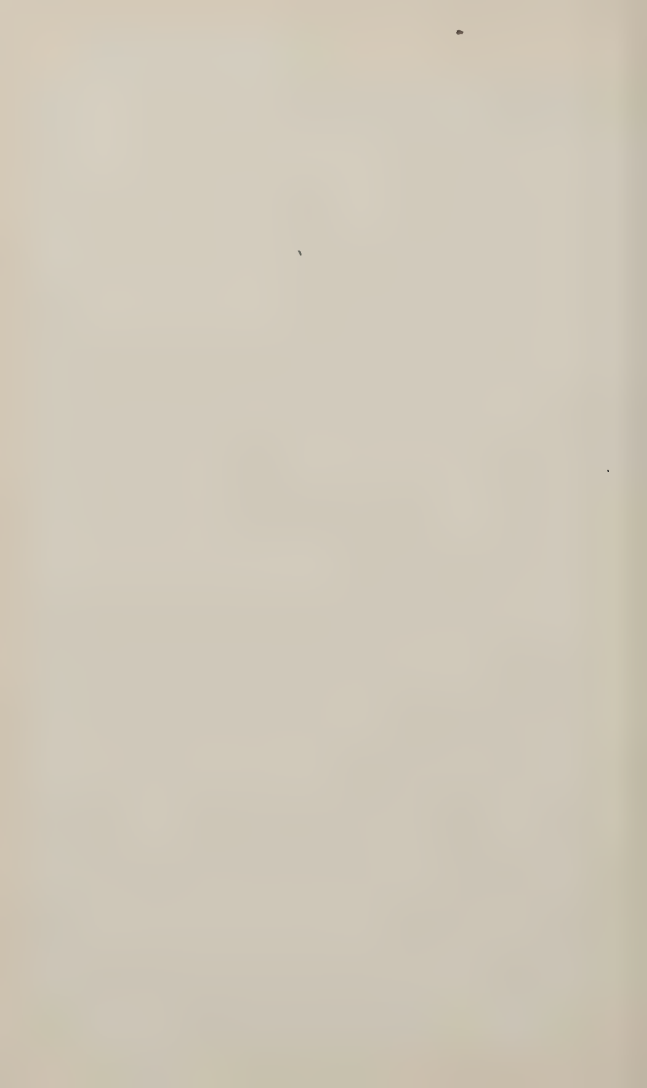
QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France.*]



THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT,

with the death of the Duke of
Yorke.



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Scene i. London. The Parliament-house.]

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I WONDER how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could never brooke retreat, 10
Chear'd up the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,

Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:

That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires blood, |

Whom I encountred as the Battels joyn'd. 20

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

Plant. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurpes,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King, 30
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfol. Wee'le all assist you: he that flies, shall dye:

Plant. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe up.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, |

Unlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce. 40

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let us winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
 Unlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
 And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
 I meane to take possession of my Right. 50

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
 The prowdest hee that holds up *Lancaster*,
 Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
 Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
 Resolve thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
 Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebelle sits,
 Even in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
 Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere, 60
 To aspire unto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
 Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
 And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both have vow'd revenge
 On him, his sonnes, his favorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in
 Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
 My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it. 69

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
 He durst not sit there, had your Father liv'd.
 My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
 Let us assayle the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them,
 And they have troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly flye. 79

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to use.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soveraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke. 89

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King. 99

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Warw. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my grieve,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lives

90. *It was: 'Twas—POPE.*

96. *Clifford, that's: Clifford; and that's—2-4F.*

Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines. 110

Cliff. Urge it no more, lest that in stead of words,
I send thee, *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stirre.

Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthlesse
Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift, 121

Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.

Warw. Talke not of France, sith¹ thou hast lost it all.

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now, ¹*since*
And yet me thinkes you loose:

Father teare the Crowne from the Usurpers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother, 131
As thou lov'st and honorest Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to
speake.

Warw. *Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too, 140

119. *My: Thy-QQ.*

127-8. 1 l.—POPE.

128. *loose: lose-2-4F.*

131-2. 1 l.—POPE.

For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?

No: first shall Warre unpeople this my Realme;

I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,

Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?

My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. Prove it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King. 151

Henry. [*Aside*] I know not what to say, my Titles
weake: |

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Soveraigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce. 160

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turne to
him. |

Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd. 171

152. Titles: title's—*ROWE.*

155. And: An—*CAPELL.*

Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power

Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prowd,

Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive, 180

Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart.

Plant. *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right unto this Princely Duke of Yorke,

Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And over the Chayre of State, where now he sits,

Write up his Title with usurping blood.

He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers

shew themselves. 190

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,

Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,

And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liv'st.

Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*

Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your

Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Westm. Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry.* 200

Clifford. How hast thou injur'd both thy selfe and us?

Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queene these Newes.

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey unto the House of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this unmanly deed. 209

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westminster.*]

Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seeke revenge, and therefore will not yeeld.

Henry. Ah *Exeter*.

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
Whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherite.

But be it as it may: I here entayle 219

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for ever,

Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,

To cease this Civill Warre: and whil'st I live,

To honor me as thy King, and Soveraigne:

And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,

To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

Warw. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward
Sonnnes. 230

Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolke* with my followers.

Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene [and the Prince of Wales].

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene, 240

Whose Lookes bewray her anger:

He steale away.

Henry. *Exeter* so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?

And never seene thee, never borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnaturall a Father.

Hath he deserv'd to loose his Birth-right thus? 250

Hadst thou but lov'd him halfe so well as I,

Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;

Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather then have made that savage Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,

The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me. 260

Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast undone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giv'n unto the House of *Yorke* such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires unto the Crowne,
 What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
 And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas, 270
 The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
 The trembling Lambe, invironned with Wolves.
 Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
 The Souldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that Act.
 But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
 And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my selfe,
 Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
 Untill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd, 280
 Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
 The Northerne Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
 And utter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.
 Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
 Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.

Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone. 290

Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
 Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

Henry. Poore Queene,

291. *stay me: stay with me*—2-4F.

293. *to the field: from the field*—QQ. 2-4F. 296-7. 1 l.—POPE.

How love to me, and to her Sonne,
 Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
 Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
 Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire, 300
 Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
 Tyre¹ on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne. ^{1 feed}
 The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
 Ile write unto them, and entreat them faire;
 Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Sandal Castle.*]

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and
Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give mee
 leave.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
 What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention. 10

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and us,
 The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
 By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
 It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly
 reigne, 20

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate, 30

That hath authoritie over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did usurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,

And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Joy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Untill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de 40

Even in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.

Yorke. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You *Edward* shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,

Wittie,¹ courteous, liberall, full of spirit. 50

While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?

But that I seeke occasion how to rise, ^{1 knowing}

And yet the King not privie to my Drift,

Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel [a Messenger].

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle. 60
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes. 70

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leave.
Exit Mountague.

Enter [Sir John] Mortimer, and his Brother [Sir Hugh].

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Unckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege us.

John. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with five thousand men? 80

Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:

Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

Yorke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Unckle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaile have I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one: 90
Why should I not now have the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

[Scene iii. *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*]

[*Alarums.*] *Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.*

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford [and Soldiers].

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saves thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him. 9

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit*

[*dragged off by Soldiers*].

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
He open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,

12-14. 2 ll. ending fear, them—POPE.

And not with such a cruell threatning Looke. 20
 Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
 I am too meane a subject for thy Wrath,
 Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
 My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
 Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
 He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
 Were not revenge sufficient for me: 30

No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
 And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chaynes,
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,
 Is as a furie to torment my Soule:

And till I root out their accursed Line,
 And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.

Therefore— [Lifting his hand.]

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
 To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pittie me. 40

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
 me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
 Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me;
 Least in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
 He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me live in Prison all my dayes,
 And when I give occasion of offence, 50
 Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore dye. [*Stabs him.*]

Rutland. *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.*
[*Dies.*]

Clifford. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
 And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Blade,
 Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy blood
 Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. *Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.*

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
 My Unckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
 And all my followers, to the eager foe
 Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
 Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
 My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
 Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me, 10
 And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
 With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
 In blood of those that had encountred him:
 And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
 And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,
 A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
 With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
 We bodg'd¹ againe, as I have scene a Swan ¹*bungled*
 With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde, 21

52. *No cause*: separate l.—POPE.

54. *Dij*: Di—DYCE.

And spend her strength with over-matching Waves.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.* 30

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Batt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.¹

Yorke. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all: ^{1 dial-point}
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven, 41
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeves, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breathe out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.

Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face, 50
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,

27. makes: make-2-4F.

But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou *Northumberland*.

Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne, 60

For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,

When he might spurne him with his Foot away?

It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,

And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clifford. I, I, so strives the Woodcocke with the
Gynne.¹ ¹ trap

Northumb. So doth the Connie² struggle in the
Net. ² rabbit

York. So triumph Theeves upon their conquer'd
Booty, |

So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht. 70

Northumb. What would your Grace have done unto
him now?

Queene. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,

That raught³ at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand. ³ reached

What, was it you that would be Englands King?

Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your high Descent?

Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now? 80

The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,

Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce

54. *buckler*: buckle—Qq.

67. *Connie*: cony—3-4F.

Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
 Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
 Looke *Yorke*, I stayn'd this Napkin¹ with the blood
 That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
 Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy: ¹*handkerchief*
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall. 90
 Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I prythee grieve, to make me merry, *Yorke*.
 What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
 That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
 And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
 Stampe, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
Yorke cannot speake, unlesse he weare a Crowne. 100
 A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
 Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
 I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
 And this is he was his adopted Heire.
 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
 As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
 Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.
 And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory, 110
 And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
 Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
 Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
 Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
 And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
 But worse then Wolves of France, 120
 Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex, ^{1 takes captive}
 To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
 Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates¹?
 But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evill deedes.
 I would assay, prow'd *Queene*, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough, to shame thee,
 Wert thou not shamelesse. 130
 Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
 Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
 Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prow'd *Queene*,
 Unlesse the Adage must be verifys'd,
 That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death.
 'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prow'd,
 But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd, 140
 The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
 'Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine,
 The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the *Antipodes* are unto us,
 Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.² ^{2 north}
 Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
 How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,

To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
 And yet be seene to beare a Womans face? 150
 Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
 Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
 For raging Wind blowes up incessant showers,
 And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
 These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French-woman.

Northumb. Beshrew me, but his passions moves me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares. 161

Yorke. That Face of his,
 The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
 Would not have stayn'd with blood:
 But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
 Oh, tennce times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
 This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
 And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
 Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this, 170
 And if thou tell'st the heavie storie right,
 Upon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
 Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
 And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
 There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
 And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
 My Soule to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.

160. *passions*: *passion*—CAMBRIDGE.

162-4. 2 five-accent ll.—WARBURTON.

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
Kinne, | 180

I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumber-*
land? |

Thinke but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death. [Stabbing him.]

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King. [Stabbing him.] 189

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee.
[Dies.]

Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may over-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. *Exit.*

[Act II. Scene i. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross*
in Herefordshire.]

A March. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we should have heard the newes;
Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad? 10

Richard. I cannot joy, untill I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.

I saw him in the Battaile range about,
 And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.
 Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
 As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
 Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:
 Who having pinch't a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
 So far'd our Father with his Enemies, 20
 So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
 Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
 See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
 And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
 How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
 Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Love?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
 Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye. 30
 See, see, they joyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
 As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
 Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
 In this, the Heaven figures some event.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
 The like yet never heard of.
 I thinke it cites us (Brother) to the field,
 That wee, the Sonnes of brave *Plantagenet*,
 Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
 Should notwithstanding joyne our Lights together, 40
 And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
 What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
 Upon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:

By your leave, I speake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, 50
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too
much.

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would have entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to oddes:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe, 60
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught' red by the irefull Arme
Of un-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with grieve he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gave him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule taunts, 70
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.

61. *Hewes .. fells: Hew .. fell—POPE.*

Oh *Clifford*, boyst'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
 The flowre of Europe, for his Chevalrie,
 And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him,
 For hand to hand he would have vanquisht thee.
 Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison: 80
 Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
 For never henceforth shall I joy againe:
 Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
 Scarse serves to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
 Nor can my tongue unloade my hearts great burthen,
 For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
 Is kindling coales that fires all my brest, 89
 And burnes me up with flames, that tears would quench.
 To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
 Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
 Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
 For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
 Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his. 100

March. *Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute,*
and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What
 newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
 Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance

Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
 The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
 O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet* 110
 Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
 Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.
 And now to adde more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befallne.
 After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
 Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
 Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the King, 120
 Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
 [And verie well appointed as I thought,]
 Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
 Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
 For by my Scouts, I was advertised
 That she was comming with a full intent
 To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
 Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:
 Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
 Our Battailes joyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King, 130
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
 That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
 Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
 Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
 Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
 I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
 Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:

Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
 Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
 Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends. 140
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our Cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
 But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
 And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled: the King unto the Queene,
 Lord *George*, your Brother, *Norfolke*, and my Selfe,
 In haste, post haste, are come to joyne with you:
 For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
 Making another Head, to fight againe. 149

Ed. Where is the Duke of *Norfolke*, gentle *Warwick*?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
 And for your Brother he was lately sent
 From your kinde Aunt *Dutchesse* of *Burgundie*,
 With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
 Oft have I heard his praises in Pursuite,
 But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare:
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine, 160
 Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
 And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
 Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
 As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
 'Tis love I beare thy glories make me speake:
 But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
 And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,

139. *a lazie*: an idle—Qq.

166. *make*: makes—2-4F.

Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads? 170
 Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
 Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
 If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
 And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
 With *Clifford*, and the haught¹ Northumberland,
 And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
 Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
 He swore consent to your Succession, ¹*haughty* 180
 His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.

And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
 Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,
 With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
 Among'st the loving Welshmen can'st procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why Via, to London will we march, 190
 And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
 And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
 But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;
 Ne're may he live to see a Sun-shine day,
 That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
 And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)
 Must *Edward* fall, which perill heaven forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
 The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne: 201
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

190. *march: march amain—Qq.*

In every Burrough as we passe along,
 And he that throwes not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
 King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
 But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
 As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds, 210
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Ed. Then strike up Drums, God and S. George for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
 The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,
 And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Omnes.

[Scene ii. *Before York.*]

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-
 and Yong Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke,
 Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
 That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
 Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
 To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
 With-hold revenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, 10
 Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

206. *Richard Mountague*: Richard, Montague-Rowe.

1. *Northum-*: Northumberland-2-4F.

8. *wrack*: wreck-2THEOBALD.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
 And harmfull pittie must be layd aside:
 To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
 Not to the Beast, that would usurpe their Den.
 Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?
 Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.
 Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her backe.
 The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on, 20
 And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
 Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
 He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King,
 And raise his issue like a loving Sire.
 Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
 Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:
 Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
 Unreasonable Creatures feed their young,
 And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, 30
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seene them even with those wings,
 Which sometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,
 Make warre with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence?
 For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
 Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy
 Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
 And long heereafter say unto his childe,
 What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got, 40
 My carelesse Father fondly¹ gave away. ¹*foolishly*
 Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
 And let his manly face, which promiseth

36. *President: precedent*—JOHNSON.

Successfull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'st thou never heare,
That things ill got, had ever bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, 50
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,
How it doth greeve me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere up your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint: 60
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger. 70

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men, ¹ *make ready*
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne¹ your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight. 81

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem upon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy, 90
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Sovereaigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cl. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne. 100

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare you speak? |

When you and I, met at S. *Albons* last, 110

Your legges did better service then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not yout valor *Clifford* drove me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big-swolne heart

Upon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child? 120

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,

As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland,

But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,

I am a King, and priviledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still. 130

Rich. Then Executioner unsheath thy sword:

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,

That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes upon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:

A thousand men have broke their Fasts to day,

That ne're shall dine, unlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head,
For Yorke in justice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right. 140

War. [*Rich.*] Who ever got thee, there thy Mother
stands, |

For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,¹
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart. 151

Ed. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:

Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*; ¹*extracted*
And ne're was *Agamemmons* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he match'd according to his State, 160
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,

141. given to *Richard*—*Qq.* *War.*: out—*POPE.*

Had slipt our Claime, untill another Age. 170

Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the Axe to thy usurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
Wee'l never leave, till we have hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake. 180
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victorie, or else a Grave.

Qu. Stay *Edward*.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene iii. *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent¹ with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath: ¹*exhausted*
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or strike ungentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good? 11

180. *denied'st: deniest--Qq.*

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes us.
What counsaile give you? whether shall we flye?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe? |

Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, 20
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, revenge; Brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere, 30
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke upon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in jest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile never pawse againe, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face, 40
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker downe of Kings:

Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
 That to my Foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
 Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
 Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,

Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke, 50
 Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
 I that did never weepe, now melt with wo,
 That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:

Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,
 And give them leave to flye, that will not stay:
 And call them Pillars that will stand to us:
 And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As Victors weare at the Olympian Games. 60
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of Life and Victory: ¹ delay
 Foreslow¹ no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the field.*]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
 Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
 Wer't thou environ'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
 And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
 And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,

And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
 To execute the like upon thy selfe, 11
 And so have at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,
 For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
 When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
 What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
 Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
 Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
 Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
 Sometime, the Flood prevailes; and than the Winde:
 Now, one the better: then, another best; 11
 Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
 Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
 So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
 Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
 To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
 For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
 Have chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so; 20
 For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
 Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
 To be no better then a homely Swaine,
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out Dialls queintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
 How many makes the Houre full compleate,
 How many Houres brings about the Day,
 How many Dayes will finish up the Yeare,
 How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live. 30
 When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
 So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;
 So many Houres, must I take my Rest:
 So many Houres, must I Contemplate:
 So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:
 So many Dayes, my Ewes have bene with yong:
 So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
 So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
 So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
 Past over to the end they were created, 40
 Would bring white haire, unto a Quiet grave.
 Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?
 Gives not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
 To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
 Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
 To Kings, that feare their Subjects treacherie?
 Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
 His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
 His wonted sleepe, under a fresh trees shade, 50
 All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
 His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
 His bodie couched in a curious bed,
 When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

27. *makes*: *make*—HANMER.28. *brings*: *bring*—2-4F.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at ano- | ther doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
 This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 60
 May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
 And I that (haply) take them from him now,
 May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
 Whom in this Conflict, I (unwares) have kill'd:
 Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.
 From London, by the King was I prest forth,
 My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,
 Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master: 70
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands, of Life bereaved him.
 Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
 And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
 My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
 Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
 Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
 Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
 And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre, 81
 Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with grieve

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
 Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
 For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
 But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?

84. *bath: hast*—3-4F.

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.

Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showres arise, 90

Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.

O pittie God, this miserable Age!

What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?

Erreoneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,

This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?

O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soone,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Woabove wo: greefe, more then common greefe

O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds: 100

O pittie, pittie, gentle heaven pittie:

The Red Rose and the White are on his face,

The fatall Colours of our striving Houses:

The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,

The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:

Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death

Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,

Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd? 111

King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,

Mis-thinke¹ the King, and not be satisfied? ¹ *misjudge*

Son. Was ever sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?

Hen. Was ever King so greev'd for Subjects woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

92. *killies*: kill—2Rowe.

94. *Stragems*: *Stratagems*—3-4F.

95. *Erreoneous*: misprint 1F.

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher, 120
 For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.
 My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
 And so obsequious will thy Father be,
 Men for the losse of thee, having no more,
 As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
 Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 For I have murthered where I should not kill.

Exit [with the body.] |

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;
 Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the
 Prince, and Exeter.* 131

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
 And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
 Away, for death doth hold us in pursuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-
 maine:

Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
 Having the fearfull flying Hare in sight, ·
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands 140
 Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
 Or else come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
 Not that I feare to stay, but love to go
 Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

124. *Men:* Even-CAPELL.

135. *Barwicke:* Berwick-ROWE.

[Scene vi. *Another part of the field.*]

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Love and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning misproud Yorke;
[The common people swarme like summer flies]
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but *Henries* Enemies? 10
O Phœbus! had'st thou never given consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had scorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of Yorke,
They never then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre? 21
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercillesse, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:

8-9. bracketed l.—QQ.

19. *Hed*: misprint 1F.

Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the rest,
I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest. 30
[*He faints.*]

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard,
and | Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape: 40
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave,
And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead.

Clifford grones [and dies.] |

Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

[*Ed.*] See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailles ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch 50
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife unto the Roote,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down the
head, |
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:

In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to us and ours: 60
Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is understanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees, nor heares us, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father. 70

Cla. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didd'st love Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

Edw. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee:

Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, 80
Sweare as thou was't wont.

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose unstanched thirst

63. *is understanding*: his understanding-2-4F.

71-2. 1 l.-POPE.

80-1. 1 l.-POPE.

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands. 91

And now to London with Triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares: 100

First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and undo as him pleaseth best. 110

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*

[Act III. Scene i. *A forest in the north of England.*]

*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes
in their hands.*

Sink. [*First Keep.*] Under this thicke growne brake,
wee'l shrowd our selves: | ^{1 lawn}
For through this Laund¹ anon the Deere will come,

90. *Of:* off—2-4F. 1. *Sinklo, and Humfrey: two keepers—Qq.*

And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. [*Sec. Keep.*] Ile stay above the hill, so both
may shoot. |

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:

Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best: 10

And for the time shall not seeme tedious,

Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,

In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:

Enter the King [disguised] with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:

No *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,

Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee, 19

Thy Balme¹ washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:

No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now, ^{1 oil}

No humble suters prease to speake for right:

No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:

For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize upon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Adversaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course. 28

Hum. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
I: thither gone, to crave the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,

14. *Sink.*: (*Hum.*—THEOBALD) 2. *Keep.*—MALONE.

20. *was*: *wast*—3-4F.

22. *prease*: *press*—3-4F.

27. *the sower Adversaries*: *thee, sour adversity*—2SINGER.

33. *I*: *Is*—2-4F.

Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
 For Warwicke is a subtile Orator:
 And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with moving words:
 By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
 For she's a woman to be pittied much:
 Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest, 40
 Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
 The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
 I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to give:
 Shee on his left side, craving ayde for *Henrie*;
 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
 He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd; 49
 That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
 Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
 With promise of his Sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?

King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
 A man at least, for lesse I should not be: 60

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
 Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:

Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented 70
To go along with us. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworne in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

King. But did you never sweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings: 80
And you were sworne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?

Sin. No, for we were Subjects, but while you wer
king |

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust: 90
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinklo. We are true Subjects to the king,
King *Edward*.

King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were seated as king *Edward* is.

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers. 101

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld unto. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *London. The palace.*]

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field
This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her. 10

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Clarence. [*Aside to Glou.*] Hee knowes the Game,
how true hee keepes | the winde?

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolve me now, 21
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] I Widow? then Ile warrant you
all your Lands, |

And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. [*Aside to Glou.*] I feare her not, unlesse
she chance to fall. |

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that, for hee'le
take vantages. |

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell
me.

Clarence. [*Aside to Glou.*] I thinke he meanes to
begge a Child of her. |

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay then whip me: hee'le
rather give her two. |

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have foure, if you'le
be rul'd by him. |

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers
Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords give us leave, Ile trye this Widowes
wit.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] I, good leave have you, for
you will have leave, |

Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch. 40

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I love my selfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them
good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some
harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them
good.

24. *And: AN-THEOBALD.* 31. *then whip me: whip me then-Qq.*

Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majestie. 50

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.

King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give them?

Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the | Marble. 61

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt. |

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taske?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to love a King.

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subject.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.

Wid. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie. | 70

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Love, I meane, my loving Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.

What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers, That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such love.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceive my minde.

Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceive 80
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husbands
Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination 90
Accords not with the sadnesse¹ of my suit: ¹seriousness
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] The Widow likes him not,
shee knits her | Browes.

Clarence. [*Aside to Glou.*] Hee is the bluntest Wooer
in Christen- | dome.

King. [*Aside*] Her Looks doth argue her replete with
Modesty, | 100

Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soveraigntie,
One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Love, or else my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subject fit to jeast withall,
But farre unfit to be a Soveraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends, 110

And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld unto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cavill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sonnes should call
you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children, 120
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. [*Aside to Clar.*] The Ghostly Father now hath
done his Shrift. |

Clarence. [*Aside to Glou.*] When hee was made a
Shriver, 'twas for shift. |

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two have
had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
sad. 130

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.

Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well, jeast on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

140

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow goe you along: Lords use her honourable.

*Exeunt.**Manet Richard.*

Rich. I, *Edward* will use Women honourably:
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all, 150
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:

And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:

A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soveraigntie,
Like one that stands upon a Promontorie, 160

And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to have his way:

So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Unlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them. 170

146. *honourable*: honourably—Q2.2-4F.

169. *Eyes*: eye's—3-4F.

Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ile make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe, 180
To shrinke mine Arme up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountaine on my Back,
Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unequall size,
To dis-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an un-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me, 190
But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,
As are of better Person then my selfe:
Ile make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, t'account this World but Hell,
Untill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lives stand betweene me and home:
And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes, 200
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,

But toyling desperately to finde it out,
 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
 And from that torment I will free my selfe,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
 Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
 And frame my Face to all occasions. 210
 Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
 Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
 Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more slyly then *Ulisses* could,
 And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
 I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
 And set the murtherous *Machevill* to Schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
 Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.* 220

[Scene iii. *France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
 Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
 Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
 Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit downe with us: it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
 Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serve, 10
 Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)

218. *Machevill: Machiavel—POPE.*

Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
 And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,
 Where I must take like Seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
 deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares. 20

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
 And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*

Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
 But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
 Over all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy grieve,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words
 Revive my drooping thoughts,
 And give my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leave to speake. 30
 Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,
 Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorne;
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
 Usurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
 Of England's true anoynted lawfull King.
 This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
 With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawfull ayde: 40
 And if thou faile us, all our hope is done.
 Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:
 Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,

Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selves in heavie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
Foe. 50

Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest Friend.

Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Hee descends. Shee ariseth.* 60

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soveraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfayned Love)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to crave a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie

With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister, 70
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. [*Aside*] If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done. |

Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
 Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
 To tell the passion of my Soveraignes Heart;
 Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
 Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
 Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand 81
 Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Love,
 But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
 For how can Tyrants safely governe home,
 Unlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
 To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
 That *Henry* liveth still: but were hee dead,
 Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
 Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
 Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor: 90
 For though Usurpers sway the rule a while,
 Yet Heav'ns are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Warw. Injurious *Margaret*.

Edw. And why not *Queene*?

Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did usurpe,
 And thou no more art Prince, then shee is *Queene*.

Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *John* of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
 And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest: 100
 And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
 Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
 From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.

Warw. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
 All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
 Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
 But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree

Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth. 110

Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy
Liege, |

Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres, 120
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

Warw. And I the House of *Yorke*.

Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with *Warwicke*.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heavens graunt, that *Warwicks* wordes be-
witch him not. 130

Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me even upon thy con-
science |

Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-
nor.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love
Unto our Sister *Bona*. 140

War. Such it seemes,
 As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.
 My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare,
 That this his Love was an externall Plant,
 Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
 The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
 Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdaine,
 Unlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let us heare your firme resolve.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine. 150
 Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
 When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
 Mine eare hath tempted judgement to desire.

Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
 Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
 And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
 Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
 Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:
 Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
 That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King. 160

Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King

Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy device,
 By this alliance to make void my suit:
 Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.
 But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
 As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:
 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
 From giving ayde, which late I promised.
 Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand, 170
 That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. *Henry* now lives in Scotland, at his case;

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
 You have a Father able to maintaine you,
 And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
 Proud setter up, and puller downe of Kings,
 I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
 (Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold 180
 Thy slye conveyance,¹ and thy Lords false love,
¹ *trickery* *Post blowing a borne Within.*
 For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

Lewes. Warwicke, this is some poste to us, or thee.

Enter the Poste.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
 These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*
 Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*
 These from our King, unto your Majesty. *To Lewis.*
 And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret* 190
 From whom, I know not.

They all reade their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
 Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* stampe as he were
 netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
 And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with unhop'd joyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

177. *Warwicke*: Warwick, peace-2-4F.

184. *Lewes*: misprint 1F.

186-7. 1 l.—POPE.

190-1. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

195-6. verse, 2 ll.—ROWE.

197-8. 1 l.—POPE.

And now to sooth your Forgery, and his, 202
 Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
 Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?
 Dare he presume to scorne us in this manner?

Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
 This proveth *Edwards* Love, and Warwicke's honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heaven,
 And by the hope I have of heavenly blisse,
 That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*; 210
 No more my King, for he dishonors me,
 But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
 My Father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?
 Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
 Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
 Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
 And to repaire my Honor lost for him, 220
 I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
 My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
 And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
 And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Mar: Warwicke,
 These words have turn'd my Hate, to Love,
 And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us 23
 With some few Bands of chosen Souldiours,
 Ile undertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.
 'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.
 And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
 Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,
 Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
 But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene? 241

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* live,
 Unlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, joynes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
 Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have ayde.

Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
 And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King, 251
 That *Lewis* of France, is sending over Maskers
 To revell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l prove a widower shortly,
 I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
 And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore Ile un-Crowne him, er't be long. 260
 There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

Lew. But Warwicke,
 Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men
 Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:
 And as occasion serves, this Noble Queen

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree, 270
Ile joyne mine eldest daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in 'holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, she is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to Warw. 280

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe levied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them over with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand. 290
Had he none else to make a stale¹ but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery, ^{1 laughing-stock}
But seeke Revenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

[Act IV. Scene i. London. The palace.]

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the
King.

Flourish.

10

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey [as Queen], Pen-
brooke, Staf- | ford, Hastings: foure stand on
one side, | and foure on the other.*

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke, 20
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwickes*, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hastie Marriage seldome proveth well.

King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

11-12. *Penbrooke*: misprint IF.

16-17. 1 l.—POPE.

19-20. 1 l.—POPE.

Rich. Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd, 30
Whom God hath joyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That yoake so well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerset*, and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie, 40
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gave in charge
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strength'ned this our Commonwealt
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage

Hast. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe
England is safe, if true within it selfe? 5

Mount. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France

Hast. 'Tis better using France, then trusting France
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safetie lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserve
To have the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

29-33. *Not I*: separate l., and 3 ll. ending sever'd, pity, together
-CAPELL.

39-42. 3 ll. ending Lewis, him, Bona-POPE.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law. 61

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride;
Shee better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonwill* on your new Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife 70
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your judgement:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. [*Queen Eliz.*] My Lords, before it
pleas'd his Majestie |

To rayse my State to Title of a Queene, 80
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe have had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Love, forbear to fawne upon their frownes:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereigne, whom they must obey? 90

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
 Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
 And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
 from France?

Post. My Sovereigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
 But such, as I (without your speciall pardon) 100
 Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
 Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
 As neere as thou canst guesse them.
 What answer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
 Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
 That *Lewis* of France is sending over Maskers,
 To revell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
 But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage? 111

Post. These were her words, utt' red with mild disdain:
 Tell him, in hope hee'le prove a Widower shortly,
 Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
 She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?
 For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
 My mourning Weedes are done,

98. verse; new l. at **From-CAPELL.**

102-4. 2 ll. ending brief, them-**CAPELL.**

107. *the*: *thy*-**QQ.**

118-19. 1 l.-**POPE.**

And I am readie to put Armour on. 120

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwicke* to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile uncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*? 130

Post. I, gracious Sovereigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwicks* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your selfe.
You that love me, and *Warwicke*, follow me. 140

Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crowne.
King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe levie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadye, or quickly will be landed: 150

131-2. 1 l.—POPE.

134-5. 1 l.—POPE.

143-4. 2 ll. ending I, crown—CAPELL.

My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*

Resolve my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,

Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:

Tell me, if you love *Warwicke* more then me;

If it be so, then both depart to him:

I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.

But if you minde to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly Vow, 160

That I may never have you in suspect.¹ ^{1 suspicion}

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as hee favours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no howre,

Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt. 170

[Scene ii. *A plain in Warwickshire.*]

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiors.*

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:

Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize, 10

To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
 Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Love;
 Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
 Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
 But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.
 And now, what rests? but in Nights Coverture,
 Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
 And but attended by a simple Guard,
 Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure, 20
 Our Scouts have found the adventure very easie:
 That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomede*,
 With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
 So wee, well cover'd with the Nights black Mantle,
 At unawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
 And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but onely to surprize him.
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader. 30
They all cry, Henry.
 Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
 For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *Edward's camp near Warwick.*]

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand, |
 The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.
 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

18. *Towne: towns*—THEOBALD.

1. *Watch*. Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow
Never to lye and take his naturall Rest,
Till *Warwicke*, or himselfe, be quite suppress.

2. *Watch*. To morrow then belike shall be the day
If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.

3. *Watch*. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that
That with the King here resteth in his Tent? 1

1. *Watch*. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefes
friend.

3. *Watch*. O, is it so? but why commands the King
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2. *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more dange
rous.

3. *Watch*. I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor. 2

If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch*. Unlesse our Halberds did shut up his pas
sage.

2. *Watch*. I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiors, silent all.*

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or never: 3
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch*. Who goes there?

2. *Watch*. Stay, or thou dyest.

*Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke
and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme
Warwicke and the rest following them.*

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

*Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard
and Hastings flyes over the Stage.* 40

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard and Hastings:* let them goe, heere is
the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?

Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke. 50
Alas, how should you governe any Kingdome,
That know not how to use Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to use your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in despite of all mischance, 60
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.

Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,
Takes off his Crowne.

40. *flyes:* fly—4F.

44-5. 1 l.—POPE,

43. verse; new l. at The—POPE.

57-8. 1 l.—STEEVENS.

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
 And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
 My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd 70
 Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
 When I have fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
 Ile follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
 Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
 It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*

Oxf. What now remains my Lords for us to do,
 But march to London with our Soldiers? 80

War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
 To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

[Scene iv. London. The palace.]

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray [Queen Elizabeth].

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne
 What late misfortune is befallne King *Edward*?

Riv. What losse of some pitcht battell
 Against *Warwicke*?

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

Riv. Then is my Soveraigne slaine?

Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
 Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard, 10
 Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
 And as I further have to understand,
 Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
 Fell *Warwicke*s Brother, and by that our Foe.

5. *What: What?*-3-4F.; *What!*-Rowe.

5-6. 1 l.-POPE.

Riv. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lives decay:
And I the rather waine me from dispaire
For love of *Edwards* Off-spring in my wombe: 20
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.

Riv. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head, 30
Guesse thou therest, King *Edwards* Friends must downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To save (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take us, we are sure to dye. *exeunt.*

[Scene v. *A park near Middleham Castle in
Yorkshire.*]

*Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William
Stanley.*

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

19. *waine*: wean—*ROWE.* 22. *misfortunes*: misfortune's—*POPE.*
27-8. 1 l.—*POPE.*

Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.

Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage, and great liberty,

And often but attended with weake guard,

Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.

10

I have advertis'd him by secret meanes,

That if about this houre he make this way,

Under the colour of his usuall game,

He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,

To set him free from his Captivitie.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.*

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.

20

Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel guest beleve me, for that was my meaning

K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

30

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.

6. stand: stands-2-4F.

10. Come: Comes-2-4F.

18-19. 1 l.-POPE.

20-1. 1 l.-POPE.

32-3. 1 l.-POPE.

K. Ed. Bishop farwell,
 Sheeld thee from *Warwicke's* frowne,
 And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *exeunt*

[Scene vi. *London. The Tower.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke, | Somerset, young Henry [Richmond], Oxford, Mountague, | and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
 Have shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,
 And turn'd my captive state to libertie,
 My feare to hope, my sorrowes unto joyes,
 At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov' rains
 But, if an humble prayer may prevaile, 10
 I then crave pardon of your Majestie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me?
 Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
 For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
 I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
 Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
 At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
 They quite forget their losse of Libertie.
 But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee, 20
 He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
 Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
 By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of this blessed Land
 May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,

I here resigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous, 39
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Nativitie,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent. 39

Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.

King. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your
Hands: |

Now joyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soveraignes
will? 49

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,

And all his Lands and Goods confiscate. 59

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My joy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soveraigne, with all
speede. 69

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?

Somers. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Rich-
mond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Majestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne, 80
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

59. *Goods confiscate: goods be confiscate*—MALONE.

74, 76-7. 2 ll. ending powers, thoughts—POPE.

Warw. Unsavorie newes: but how made he escape?

Poste. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him 91
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sovereaigne, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe, 100
And we shall have more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie. 111
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vii. *Before York.*]

Flourish. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
and *Souldiers*.

Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh us amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange

My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
 Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
 And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
 What then remaines, we being thus arriv'd
 From Ravenspurre Haven, before the Gates of Yorke,
 But that we enter, as into our Dukedome? 11

Rich. The Gates made fast?
 Brother, I like not this.
 For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
 Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboardments must not now affright us:
 By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
 For hither will our friends repaire to us.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
 them. 20

*Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,
 and his Brethren.*

Maior. My Lords,
 We were fore-warned of your comming,
 And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selves;
 For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
 Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no
 lesse. 30

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
 As being well content with that alone.

Rich. [*Aside*] But when the Fox hath once got in
 his Nose, |
 Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

6. *wained*: *waned*—STEEVENS (1793).

10. *Ravenspurre*: *Ravenspurgh*—2-4F.

12-13. 1 l.—POPE.

23-4. 1 l.—POPE.

Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.

Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.

Hast. The good old man would faine that all were
wel, | 40

So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen [below].

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me up the Keyes,

Takes his Keyes.

For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee. 50

*March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme
and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomerie*,
Our trustie friend, unlesse I be deceiv'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, 60
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,

41. *long*: 'long-JOHNSON.

59-62. 3 five-accent ll. ending forget, claim, rest-POPE.

I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King, 70
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule. 80

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurpes the Diademe. ¹ rumor

Mount. I, now my Sovereigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shal be here pro-
claim'd: |

Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. *Sound.* 90

Soul. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King
of | England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throwes downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes brave *Mountgomery*,
 And thankes unto you all:
 If fortune serve me, Ile requite this kindnesse.
 Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: 100
 And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
 Above the Border of this Horizon,
 Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
 For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
 Ah froward *Clarence*, how evill it beseemes thee,
 To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?
 Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
 Come on brave Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
 And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

[Scene viii. *London. The palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the King, *Warwicke*, *Mountague*,
Clarence, *Oxford*, and *Somerset*.

War. What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
 With hastie Germanes, and blunt *Hollanders*,
 Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
 And with his troupes doth march amaine to *London*,
 And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's levie men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench. 10

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
 Those will I muster up: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
 Shalt stirre up in *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
 The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
 Thou Brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
 Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
 And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. 20
 My Sovereigne, with the loving Citizens,
 Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
 Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
 Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
 Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
 Farewell my Sovereigne.

King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu. 31

King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coventry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
 Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?
 Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest. 40

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me
 fame: |

I have not stopt mine cares to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
 My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
 My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
 My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love *Edward* more then me? 50
 No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:
 And when the Lyon fawnes upon the Lambe,
 The Lambe will never cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward [Gloucester] and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence, |

And once againe proclaime us King of England.
 You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
 Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry, 61
 And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
 Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remains:
 The Sunne shines hot, and if we use delay,
 Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joine,
 And take the great-growne Traytor unawares: 70
 Brave Warriors, march amaine towards Coventry.

Exeunt

[Act V. Scene i. Coventry.]

*Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Coventry, two
 Messengers, and others upon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*? |

How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. 1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?

Where is the Post that came from *Mountague*?

Mess. 2. By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troope.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say *Somerville*, what sayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now? 11

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.

War. Who should that be? belike unlook'd for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,
and Souldiers. 20

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Rich. See how the surly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee up, and pluckt thee downe, 31
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the Jeast against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,

Ile doe thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother. 40

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subject.

Edw. But *Warwicks* King is *Edwards* Prisoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck: 50
You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwicke* still.

Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst, 60
Have Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. *Oxford*, *Oxford*, for *Lancaster*.

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs. 70

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid us battaile;

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague, Mountague*, for *Lancaster*.

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this
Treason |

Even with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie, 80

My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerset, Somerset*, for *Lancaster*.

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence sweepes
along, |

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:

With whom, in upright zeale to right, prevailes 90

More then the nature of a Brothers Love.

Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this meanes?

[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*]

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
 I will not ruinate my Fathers House,
 Who gave his blood to lyme the stones together,
 And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwicke*,
 That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnaturall,
 To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre
 Against his Brother, and his lawfull King. 100
 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
 To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
 Then *Jephah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
 I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
 That to deserve well at my Brothers hands,
 I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
 With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
 To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee, 110
 And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
 Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
 And *Richard*, doe not frowne upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
 Then if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh passing Traytor, perjur'd and unjust,

Edw. What *Warwicke*,

Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight? 120

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way.

Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and *Victorie*. *Exeunt.*
March. Warwick and his companie followes.

[Scene ii. *A field near Barnet.*]

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
 For *Warwicke* was a Bugge¹ that fear'd us all.
 Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee, ¹ *bugbear*
 That *Warwicks* Bones may keepe thine companie.

Exit.

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
 And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
 Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes, 10
 My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
 That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
 And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
 Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
 Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Joves* spreading Tree,
 And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
 These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
 Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne, 20
 To search the secret Treasons of the World:
 The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
 For who liv'd King, but I could digge his Grave?
 And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
 Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
 My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet dye we must. 31

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Losse againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
Even now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
'Thou lov'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst, 40
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane, 50
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

Warw. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your selves,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven.
[Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *Another part of the field.*]

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his easefull Western Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our Coast, 10
And, as we heare, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends, 20
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Plains near Tewksbury.*]

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mast be now blowne over-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad, 10
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which Industrie and Courage might have sav'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?
And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast? 20
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waves, as speake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatall Rocke? 30

30. *raged: ragged*—Rowe.

All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
 Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
 This speake I (Lords) to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would flye from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthlesse Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided, 40
 'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
 I speake not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but suspect a fearefull man, i
 He should have leave to goe away betmes,
 Least in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himselfe. 50
 If any such be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
 Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live againe in thee; long may'st thou live,
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at. 60

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde us unprovided.

Som. But hee's deceiv'd, we are in readinesse. 69

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

*Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
Clarence, and Souldiers.*

Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heavens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hew'ne up yet ere Night.

I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Give signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for every word I speake, 81
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.

Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soveraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Justice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions. Exeunt. 90

82. *my eye: mine eyes—Qq.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt [*Oxford and Somerset guarded*].

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World, 10
To meet with Joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter [*Soldiers with*] *the Prince.*

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us heare him speake.
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? 20

Prince. Speake like a Subject, prowd ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st have me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolv'd.

Rich. That you might still have worne the Petticoat,
And ne're have stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place. 30

Rich. By Heaven, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue,

Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all undutifull:

Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,

And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all, 40

I am your better, Traytors as ye are,

And thou usurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. stabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with perjurie.

Clar. stabs him.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.* 50

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich. Why should shee live, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth shee swowne? use meanes for her recoverie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a serious matter,

Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower. *Exit.* 60

Qu. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!

They that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
 If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
 He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
 And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.
 What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
 No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
 And I will speake, that so my heart may burst. 70
 Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes,
 How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:
 You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse,
 But if you ever chance to have a Childe,
 Looke in his youth to have him so cut off.
 As deathsmen you have rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, never beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
 Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death: 80
 What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou usest to forswear thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou not? Where is that divels butcher *Richard*?

Hard favor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe. 90

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queene [led out forcibly].

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
 To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
 With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
 And see our gentle Queene how well she fares, 100
 By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

[Scene vi. London. The Tower.]

*Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant
 on the Walles.*

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
 hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
 Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:
 'Good Gloster, and good Devill, were alike,
 And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord. 8

Rich. Sirra, leave us to our selves, we must conferre.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

Hen. So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from the Wolfe:
 So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
 And next his Throate, unto the Butchers Knife.
 What Scene of death hath *Rossius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,
 The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
 And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
 Have now the fatall Object in my eye, 19
 Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peevish Foole was that of Crete,
 That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
 And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,

10. *wreaklesse*: *reckless*—HANMER. 13. *Rossius*: *Roscius*—POPE.

Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our course,
 The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
 Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea
 Whose envious Gulfe did swallow up his life:
 Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
 My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point, 30
 Then can my eares that Tragicke History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
 If murdering Innocents be Executing,
 Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first thou didst presume, |

Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
 And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand, 40
 Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,
 And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
 And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,
 Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
 Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
 Shall rue the houre that ever thou was't borne.
 The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill signe,
 The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,
 Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:
 The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top, 50
 And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:
 Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
 And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.
 Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,

45. *Orphans:* And orphans-2-4F.

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And if the rest be true, which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st——

Rich. Ile heare no more: 60
Dye Prophet in thy speech, *Stabbes him.*
 For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
 O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.
 O may such purple teares be alway shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house.
 If any sparke of Life be yet remaining, 70
 Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that have neyther pittie, love, nor feare,
 Indeed 'tis true that *Henric* told me of:
 For I have often heard my Mother say,
 I came into the world with my Legges forward.
 Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,
 And seeke their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right?
 The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
 O Jesus blesse us, he is borne with teeth, 80
 And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
 Then since the Heavens have shap'd my Body so,
 Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
 I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
 And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou kept'st me from the Light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee: 90
 For I will buzze abroad such Prophetesies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
 King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
 Counting my selfe but bad, will I be best.
 Ile throw thy body in another roome,
 And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome.
Exit [with the body].

[Scene vii. London. The palace.]

*Flourish. Enter King [Edward], Queene [Elizabeth],
 Clarence, Richard, Hastings, | Nurse, [with the
 young Prince,] and Attendants. |*

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
 Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
 Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
 For hardy and undoubted Champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
 And two Northumberland: two braver men, 10
 Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two brave Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,
 That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Seate,
 And made our Footstoole of Security.
 Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
 Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Unckles, and my selfe,
 Have in our Armors watcht the Winters night,

1. *Hastings*: misprint 1 F.

7. *Renowne*: renown'd—Rowe.

Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate, 20
 That thou might'st repesesse the Crowne in peace,
 And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. [*Aside*] Ile blast his Harvest, if your head were laid, |

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heave,
 And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
 Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queene,
 And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty, 30
 I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Rich. And that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st: |

Witnesse the loving kisse I give the Fruite,
 [*Aside*] To say the truth, so *Judas* kist his master,
 And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
 Having my Countries peace, and Brothers loves.

Cla. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France 41
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
 And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
 Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
 Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,
 For heere I hope begins our lasting joy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

27. *that*: thou—QQ. 32. speech given to Q. *Eliz.*—THEOBALD.
 40. *Reynard*: *Reignier*—ROWE.

